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PASSION
LYRICS

MAURINE BY HATHAWAY





PASSION LYRICS

BY

MAURINE HATHAWAY

THE POETESS OF THE PINES



AUTHOR OF "EMBERS"



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Maurine Hathaway.

PASSION LYRICS

NECTAR.

O H, the blood in my veins is like wine, ruby
wine,
Where the clear bubbles sparkle and dance,
Like a fluid that's gathered and pressed from a vine
Of the vineyards of fair, sunny France.

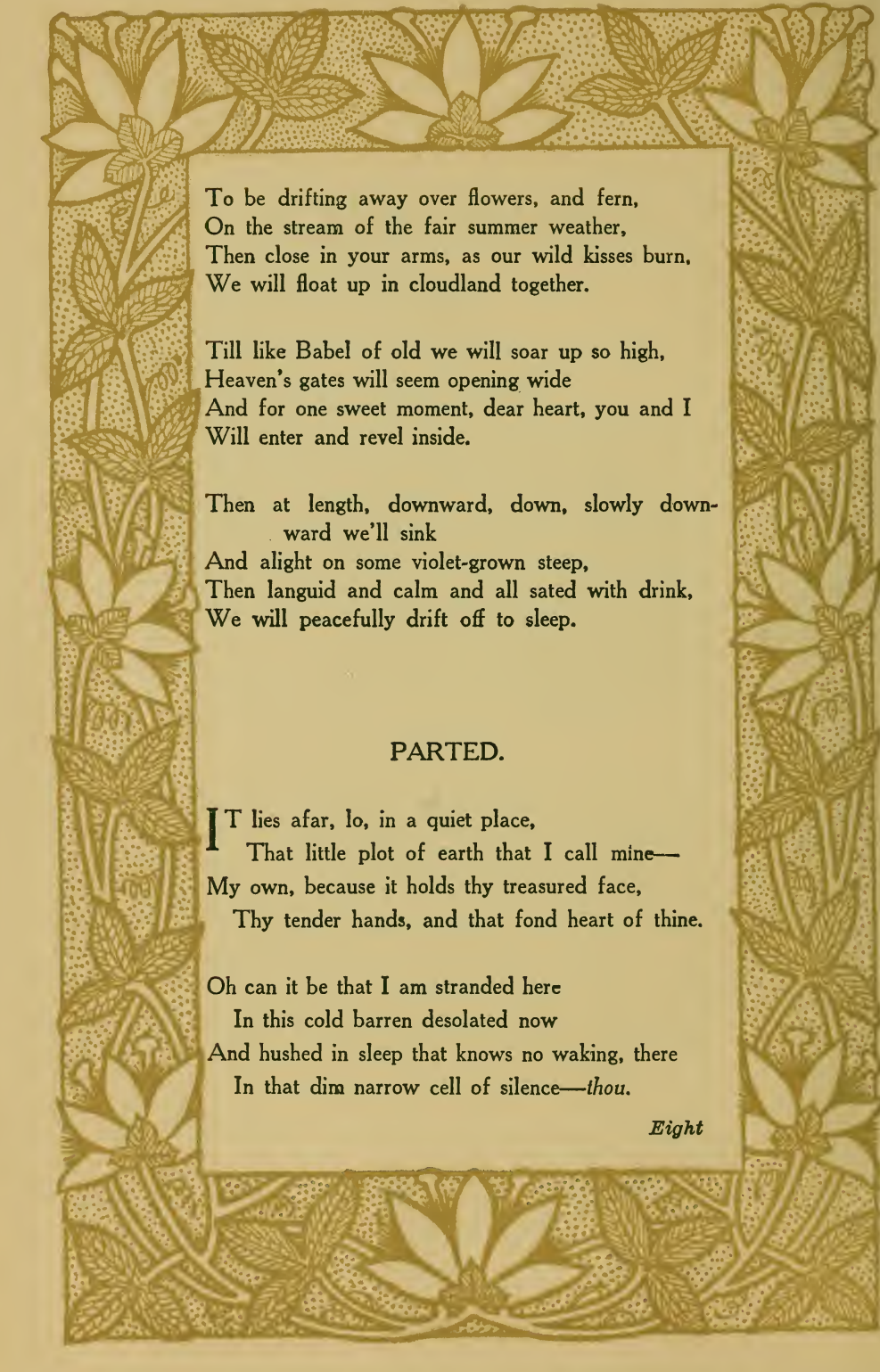
Betimes it is cool as the dawn, and as quiet
As low shady pools on a fair summer day.
Again 'tis as mad as the simoon, as riot
As rapids and rocks in a river at play.

* * * * *

I've a toast for you, dear, and a bumper of wine.
'Twill be luscious and sweet to your lips,
'Tis mellow and old and its flavor divine
As the nectar the god Bacchus sips.

When you taste the first sip, you will wonder and
smile,
Then a dim haze will shroud you, a dream
Will steal o'er your senses, the fluid the while
Will thrill you with sweet savage madness, you'll
seem

Seven



To be drifting away over flowers, and fern,
On the stream of the fair summer weather,
Then close in your arms, as our wild kisses burn,
We will float up in cloudland together.

Till like Babel of old we will soar up so high,
Heaven's gates will seem opening wide
And for one sweet moment, dear heart, you and I
Will enter and revel inside.

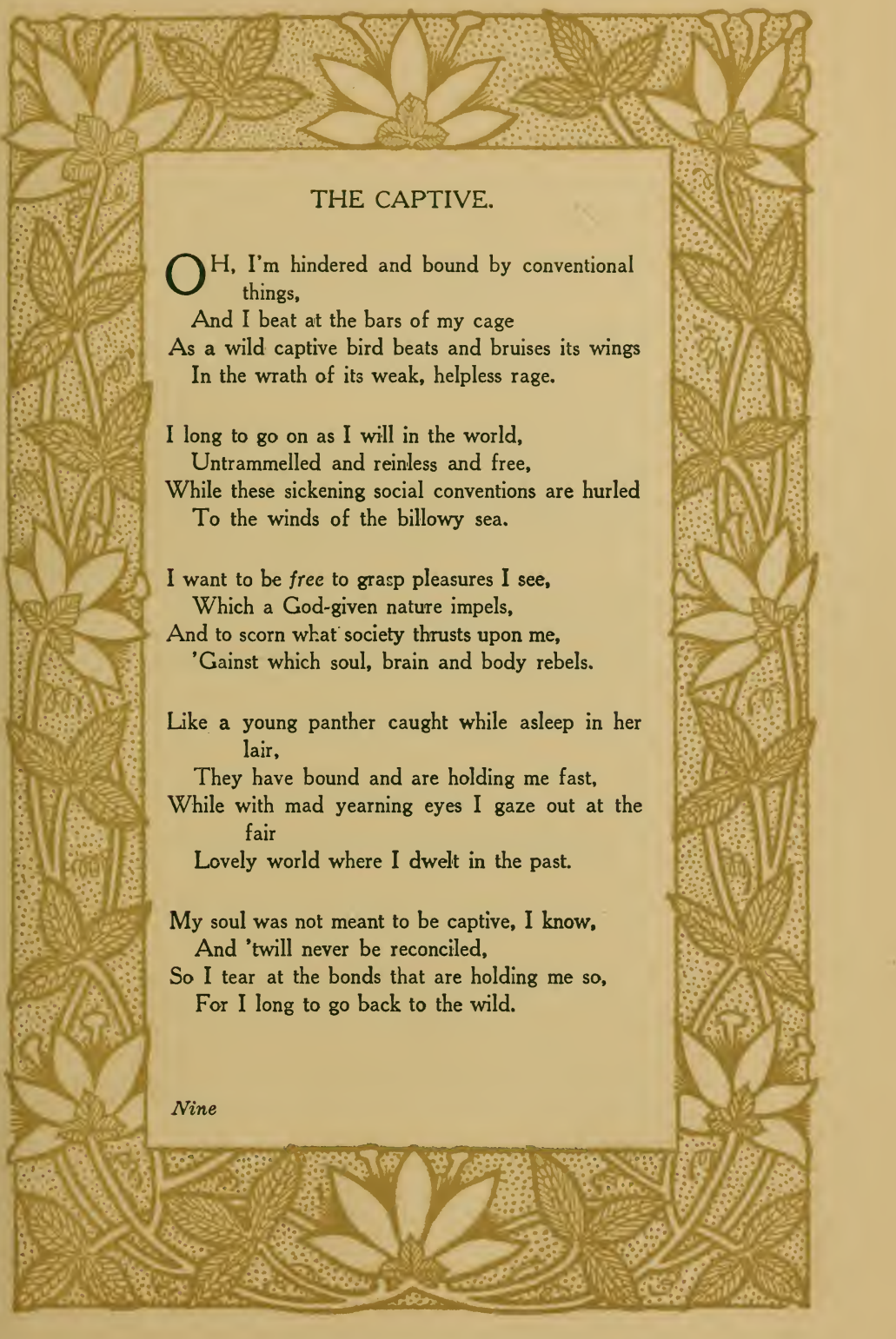
Then at length, downward, down, slowly down-
ward we'll sink
And alight on some violet-grown steep,
Then languid and calm and all sated with drink,
We will peacefully drift off to sleep.

PARTED.

IT lies afar, lo, in a quiet place,
That little plot of earth that I call mine—
My own, because it holds thy treasured face,
Thy tender hands, and that fond heart of thine.

Oh can it be that I am stranded here
In this cold barren desolated now
And hushed in sleep that knows no waking, there
In that dim narrow cell of silence—*thou*.

Eight

A decorative border of stylized flowers and leaves surrounds the text. The flowers are large and have many petals, with leaves interspersed between them. The entire border is rendered in a light, sketchy style.

THE CAPTIVE.

O H, I'm hindered and bound by conventional things,
And I beat at the bars of my cage
As a wild captive bird beats and bruises its wings
In the wrath of its weak, helpless rage.

I long to go on as I will in the world,
Untrammelled and reinless and free,
While these sickening social conventions are hurled
To the winds of the billowy sea.

I want to be *free* to grasp pleasures I see,
Which a God-given nature impels,
And to scorn what society thrusts upon me,
'Gainst which soul, brain and body rebels.

Like a young panther caught while asleep in her lair,
They have bound and are holding me fast,
While with mad yearning eyes I gaze out at the fair
Lovely world where I dwelt in the past.

My soul was not meant to be captive, I know,
And 'twill never be reconciled,
So I tear at the bonds that are holding me so,
For I long to go back to the wild.

TO A NUN.

I WATCH as you hurry with swift tireless feet
Here and there, on your errands of love,
And your face is so gentle and placidly sweet,
With its radiant light from above,

That I wonder sometimes, are you always so mild?
(Your cheeks have a healthful glow).
Does your heart never cry with a mad longing,
wild
For the life that the worldings know?

Is your soul never hurled back again to the world
And lost for a time in a dream,
Does your blood never thrill like a spring flooded
rill
Or are you as cold as you seem?

Do your lips never yearn for the cling of a kiss,
As they send gentle prayers above,
Do no flames in your breast ever flare up and hiss,
And demand that you quench them with love?

Does your breath never quicken, your cheeks never
flush,
Do your lips with no wild words part,
Does your blood never take to your brain with a
rush,
A challenge of war from your heart?

Do your arms never tremble and pulsate and thrill
And burn with a fierce desire,
Do you never once feel you could smother and kill
And crush in embraces of fire?

In the world that you left was there never some one
You would brave even Hell to see,
For whom you'd renounce e'en the veil of the nun,
Just to meet once again—you and he?

Would you never give life but to gaze on his charms
Or bask in the glow of his smile,
Would you never give Heaven to lie in his arms,
And forget every vow for a while?

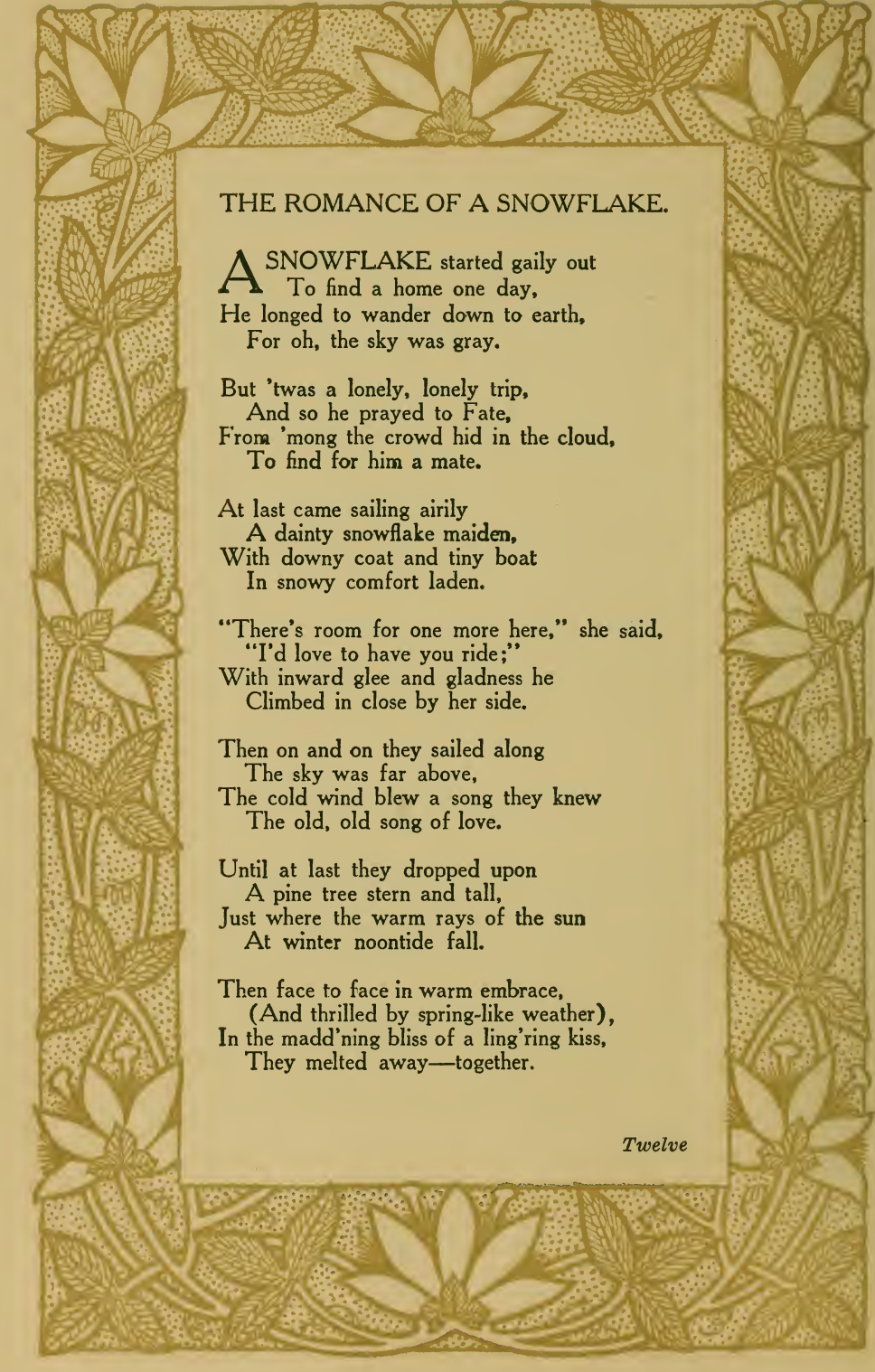
Or are you so filled with the power of grace,
So firm with a strength within,
That you can take refuge in some holy place
And war with your heart—and win?

MY LOVE.

O H if there is a place of Heavenly bliss,
As we are told, beyond the dome of blue,
It cannot be as sweet as is your kiss,
Or as a golden hour spent with you.

And if there be a realm of torment drear,
Wherein is punished erring mortal clay,
It cannot rival with its anguish, dear,
The pain I know when you are far away.

Eleven



THE ROMANCE OF A SNOWFLAKE.

A SNOWFLAKE started gaily out
To find a home one day,
He longed to wander down to earth,
For oh, the sky was gray.

But 'twas a lonely, lonely trip,
And so he prayed to Fate,
From 'mong the crowd hid in the cloud,
To find for him a mate.

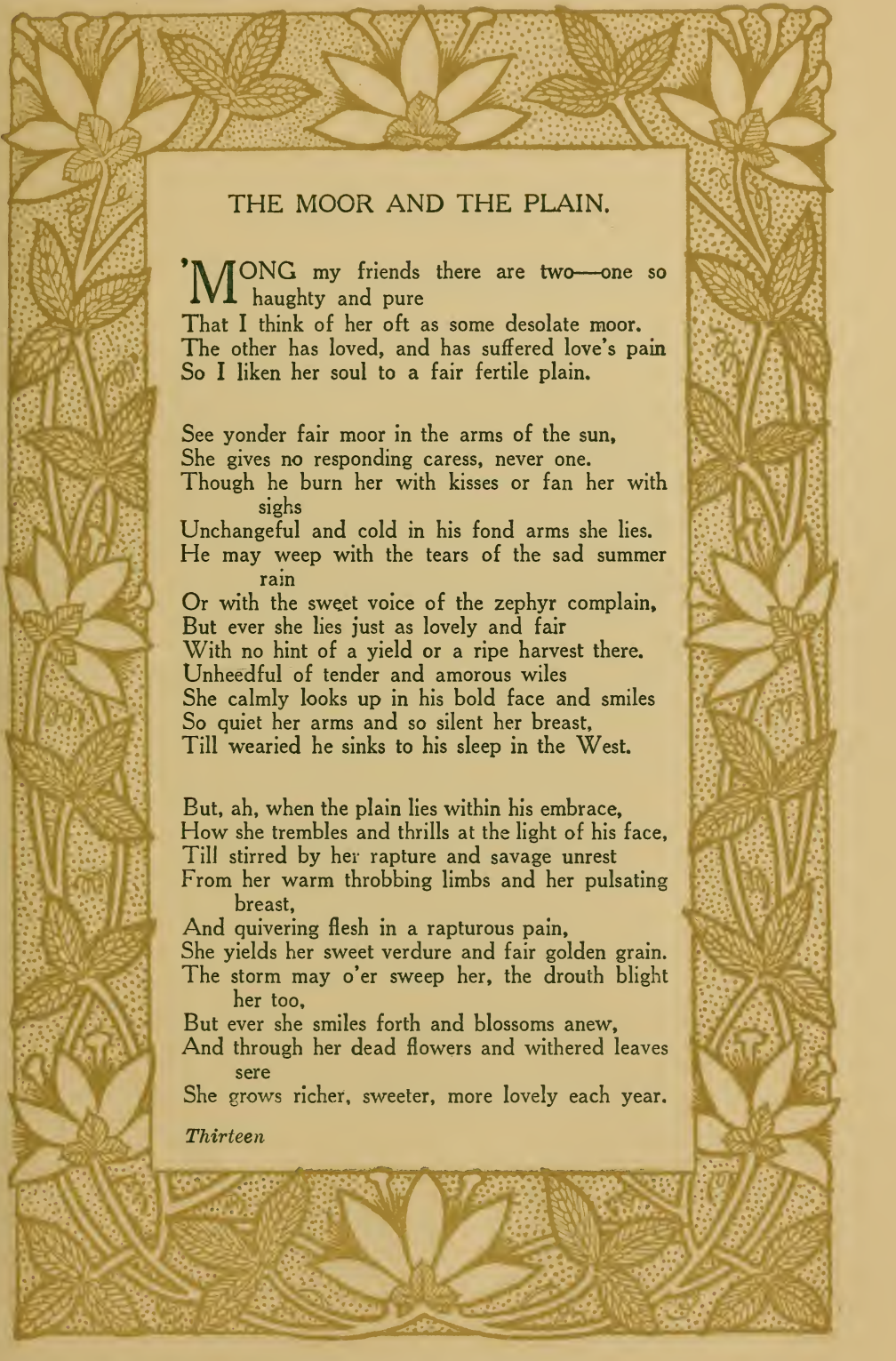
At last came sailing airily
A dainty snowflake maiden,
With downy coat and tiny boat
In snowy comfort laden.

"There's room for one more here," she said,
"I'd love to have you ride;"
With inward glee and gladness he
Climbed in close by her side.

Then on and on they sailed along
The sky was far above,
The cold wind blew a song they knew
The old, old song of love.

Until at last they dropped upon
A pine tree stern and tall,
Just where the warm rays of the sun
At winter noontide fall.

Then face to face in warm embrace,
(And thrilled by spring-like weather),
In the madd'ning bliss of a ling'ring kiss,
They melted away—together.

A decorative border of stylized flowers and leaves surrounds the text. The flowers are large and have many petals, while the leaves are pointed and have detailed vein patterns. The background of the border is a stippled or dotted pattern.

THE MOOR AND THE PLAIN.

'MONG my friends there are two—one so
haughty and pure
That I think of her oft as some desolate moor.
The other has loved, and has suffered love's pain
So I liken her soul to a fair fertile plain.

See yonder fair moor in the arms of the sun,
She gives no responding caress, never one.
Though he burn her with kisses or fan her with
sighs

Unchangeful and cold in his fond arms she lies.
He may weep with the tears of the sad summer
rain

Or with the sweet voice of the zephyr complain,
But ever she lies just as lovely and fair
With no hint of a yield or a ripe harvest there.
Unheeding of tender and amorous wiles
She calmly looks up in his bold face and smiles
So quiet her arms and so silent her breast,
Till wearied he sinks to his sleep in the West.

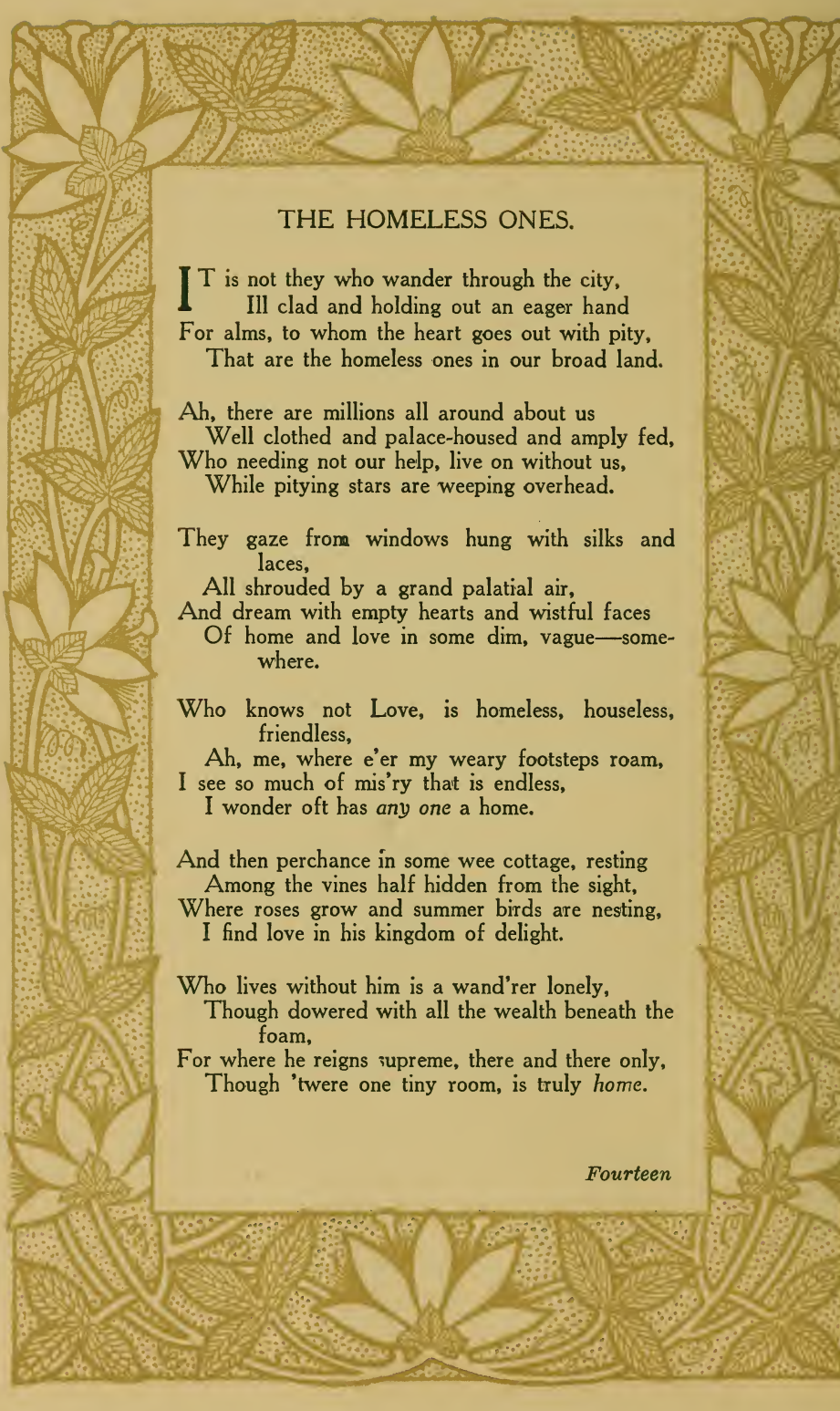
But, ah, when the plain lies within his embrace,
How she trembles and thrills at the light of his face,
Till stirred by her rapture and savage unrest
From her warm throbbing limbs and her pulsating
breast,

And quivering flesh in a rapturous pain,
She yields her sweet verdure and fair golden grain.
The storm may o'er sweep her, the drouth blight
her too,

But ever she smiles forth and blossoms anew,
And through her dead flowers and withered leaves
sere

She grows richer, sweeter, more lovely each year.

Thirteen



THE HOMELESS ONES.

IT is not they who wander through the city,
 Ill clad and holding out an eager hand
For alms, to whom the heart goes out with pity,
 That are the homeless ones in our broad land.

Ah, there are millions all around about us
 Well clothed and palace-housed and amply fed,
Who needing not our help, live on without us,
 While pitying stars are weeping overhead.

They gaze from windows hung with silks and
 laces,
All shrouded by a grand palatial air,
And dream with empty hearts and wistful faces
 Of home and love in some dim, vague—some-
 where.

Who knows not Love, is homeless, houseless,
 friendless,

Ah, me, where e'er my weary footsteps roam,
I see so much of mis'ry that is endless,
 I wonder oft has *any one* a home.

And then perchance in some wee cottage, resting
 Among the vines half hidden from the sight,
Where roses grow and summer birds are nesting,
 I find love in his kingdom of delight.

Who lives without him is a wand'rer lonely,
 Though dowered with all the wealth beneath the
 foam,

For where he reigns supreme, there and there only,
 Though 'twere one tiny room, is truly *home*.

THE REASON WHY.

(Answer to "The Waiting Woman," by
Herbert Kaufman.)

SHE may be waiting for you, my lad,
 'Tis true,
And the weight of her influence may be bad
 For you.
There is bane in the glance of her eyes, I know,
But their light was pure in the long ago.
She is stained, but some wise man made her so,
 For her heart was young and her blood was red,
And she harked to the words that the wise man
 said.

And the words of truth and the false, forsooth,
 Are all the same to the ears of youth.
So he tarnished the soul that was white as snow,
And the smile on his lips was glad.

When she struggled to rise from her sin, my lad,
 At last,
They jeered at the courage and strength she had.
 Time passed,
And women would whisper and men would sneer,
Till she crept away like a wounded deer
And shrank from their scorn with a trembling fear.
 But she turned one day in a desp'rate way
And faced the world like a stag at bay.
You will see her now as you pass her by,
With the gleam of the death lure in her eye.
But the cry of her heart never ear can hear,
 For the heart of her breast is dead.

PERHAPS 'TWERE BEST.

SOMETIMES I've said unto my soul, dear
heart,

That if you were but with me here again,
If Heaven had not decreed that we must part,
I could bear any sorrow, grief or pain.

If only I could meet you dear, at night,
As I was wont to meet you with a smile,
And kiss you sweetly, when at morning light
Your labor called you for a little while.

No anguish that could come would be too deep,
Or grief too bitter for my soul to brave,
If I could but awaken you from sleep
And call you back to me from out the grave.

And still, I know that with the fleeting years
All beauty fades and golden hair turns gray.
How bitter, bitter would have been my tears
Had some fair face beguiled your heart away.

Or had my fond, adoring eyes once seen
A look unlike the tender looks of yore,
Or had you shown me by your different mien
That you loved not so fondly as before,

Dear God, I should have died, and so I say,
(And try to find some comfort in the thought),
Perhaps 'twere best that you were called away
To where temptation, care and pain come not.

Our love was not of earth. 'Twas far too sweet
To bear the jar of life to mortals given,
And so God holds it perfect and complete
Until we two shall meet again in Heaven.

LOVE.

THE wild thrush sings it to his mate
In lilting lay at dawn,
The night bird warbles it elate
When day's bright rays are gone.

The brown bee bears it to the flowers
Along the fragrant lea,
The zephyr wafts it to the bowers
Beside the azure sea.

The mother hums it to her child
In gentle lullabies,
The fond youth pleads it, passion wild,
The maiden hears with sighs.

The meadow croons it to the brook
Beneath the elm tree's shade,
The violets breathe of it in nook
And cove and leafy glade.

The rain drops sob it to the leaves
That whisper and complain,
The south wind moans of it and grieves
O'er all its thrilling pain.

The murm'ring billows groan of it
To pitying stars above,
And weary mortals die for it,
This wondrous passion—Love.

MY AULD BEAU.

I THINK I will wed wi' my auld beau
For, oh, he is withered an' bent
An' he canna bide wid me lang, O,
For maist o' his life hae been spent.

An' O, he has houses an' horses,
An', O, he has wealth an' to spare,
I think I will wed wi' his money
An' spending it, na wish for mair.

Ah, weel—I might sigh for a young lad,
A dashing young laddie, an' braw
But young men are reckless an' foolish,
An' do nae respeckit the law.

An', O, if I tak this auld foggy
He will na lo'e any save me.
I may hae a' my bonnie chums wi' me
An' need na be jealous, you see.

I love sae to ramble an' wander,
I will na be home much o' nights.
Then I'll hie to my room i' the left wing,
The auld man may gae to the right.

I think I will marry my auld beau,
For O, he is withered an' bent,
An' he canna bide wi' me lang O,
For maist o' his life hae been spent.

HER REVENGE.

AND so we meet again today,
Ah, truly, fate can play strange pranks.
Nay, do not kneel thus at my feet,
For 'tis to you I owe my thanks.

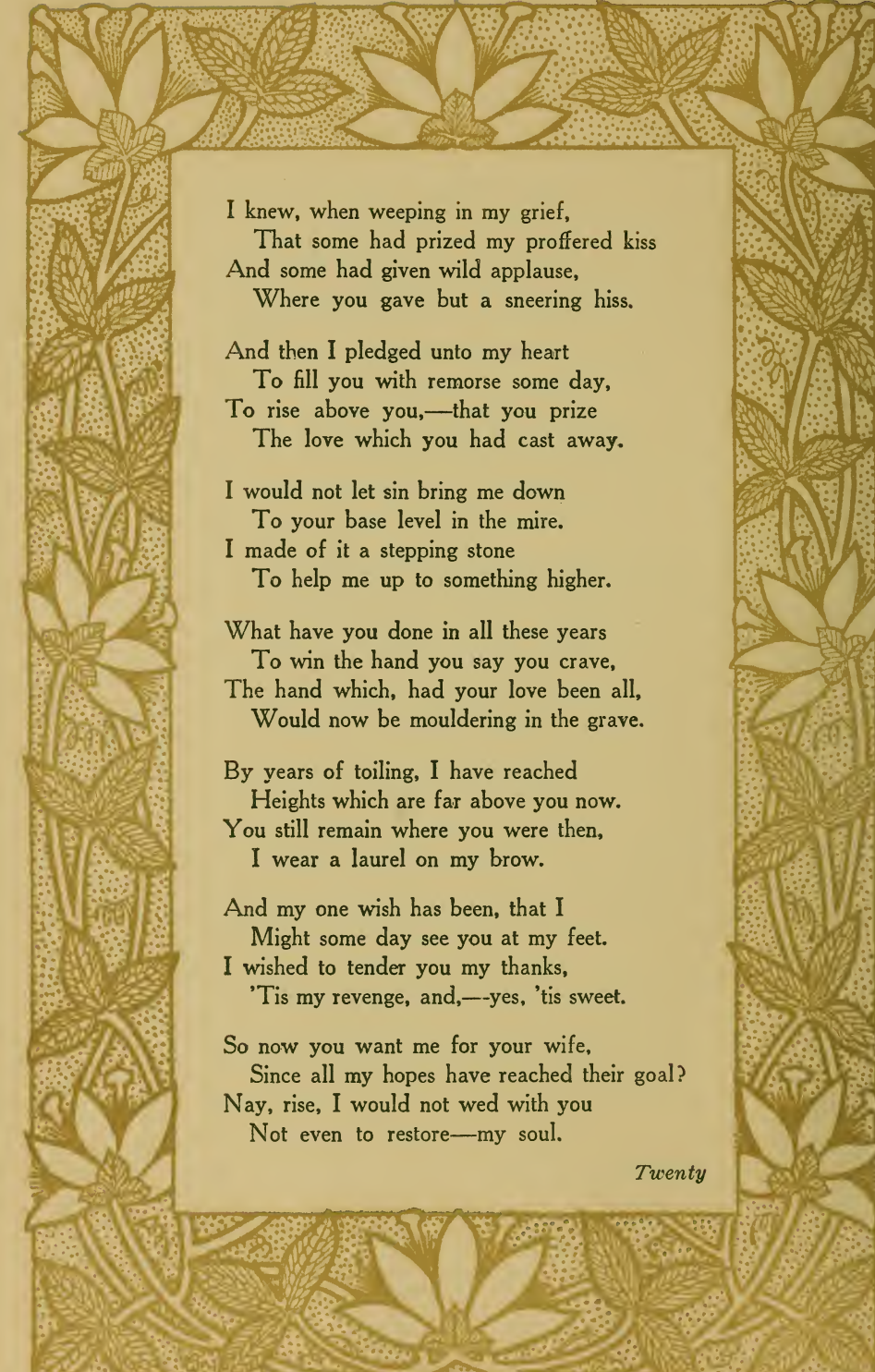
Pray, why are you thus pleading for
Forgivenesses granted long ago?
The blessings heaped upon your head
Are richer than you'll ever know.

Why, you unthinking, served me well,
Although you filled my life with pain,
You brought from out my heart the truths
Which otherwise had dormant lain.

Had you been kind instead of base,
So happy had my journey been,
And life had held so much of bliss,
No spur had my ambition, then.

Now, when I think of how I brought
My jewels from their casket rare
And laid them fondly at your feet
And left them in your cruel care

I bless you, that you cast away
Each one, as though it were a stone,
That you betrayed my love and trust
And left me naught but pain alone.



I knew, when weeping in my grief,
That some had prized my proffered kiss
And some had given wild applause,
Where you gave but a sneering hiss.

And then I pledged unto my heart
To fill you with remorse some day,
To rise above you,—that you prize
The love which you had cast away.

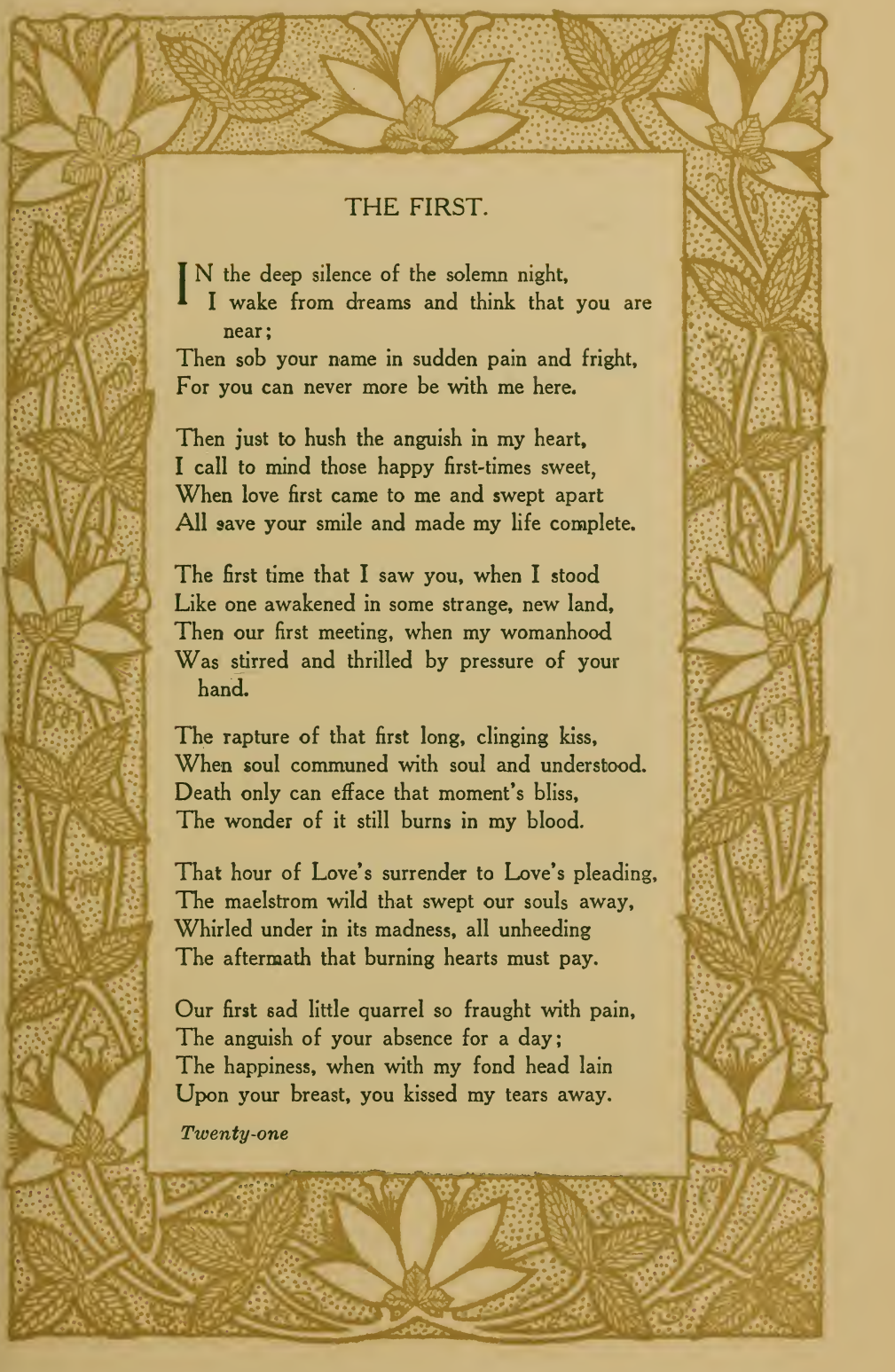
I would not let sin bring me down
To your base level in the mire.
I made of it a stepping stone
To help me up to something higher.

What have you done in all these years
To win the hand you say you crave,
The hand which, had your love been all,
Would now be mouldering in the grave.

By years of toiling, I have reached
Heights which are far above you now.
You still remain where you were then,
I wear a laurel on my brow.

And my one wish has been, that I
Might some day see you at my feet.
I wished to tender you my thanks,
'Tis my revenge, and,—yes, 'tis sweet.

So now you want me for your wife,
Since all my hopes have reached their goal?
Nay, rise, I would not wed with you
Not even to restore—my soul.

A decorative border of stylized flowers and leaves surrounds the text. The flowers are large and have many petals, while the leaves are smaller and pointed. The background of the border is a fine, dotted pattern.

THE FIRST.

IN the deep silence of the solemn night,
I wake from dreams and think that you are
near;

Then sob your name in sudden pain and fright,
For you can never more be with me here.

Then just to hush the anguish in my heart,
I call to mind those happy first-times sweet,
When love first came to me and swept apart
All save your smile and made my life complete.

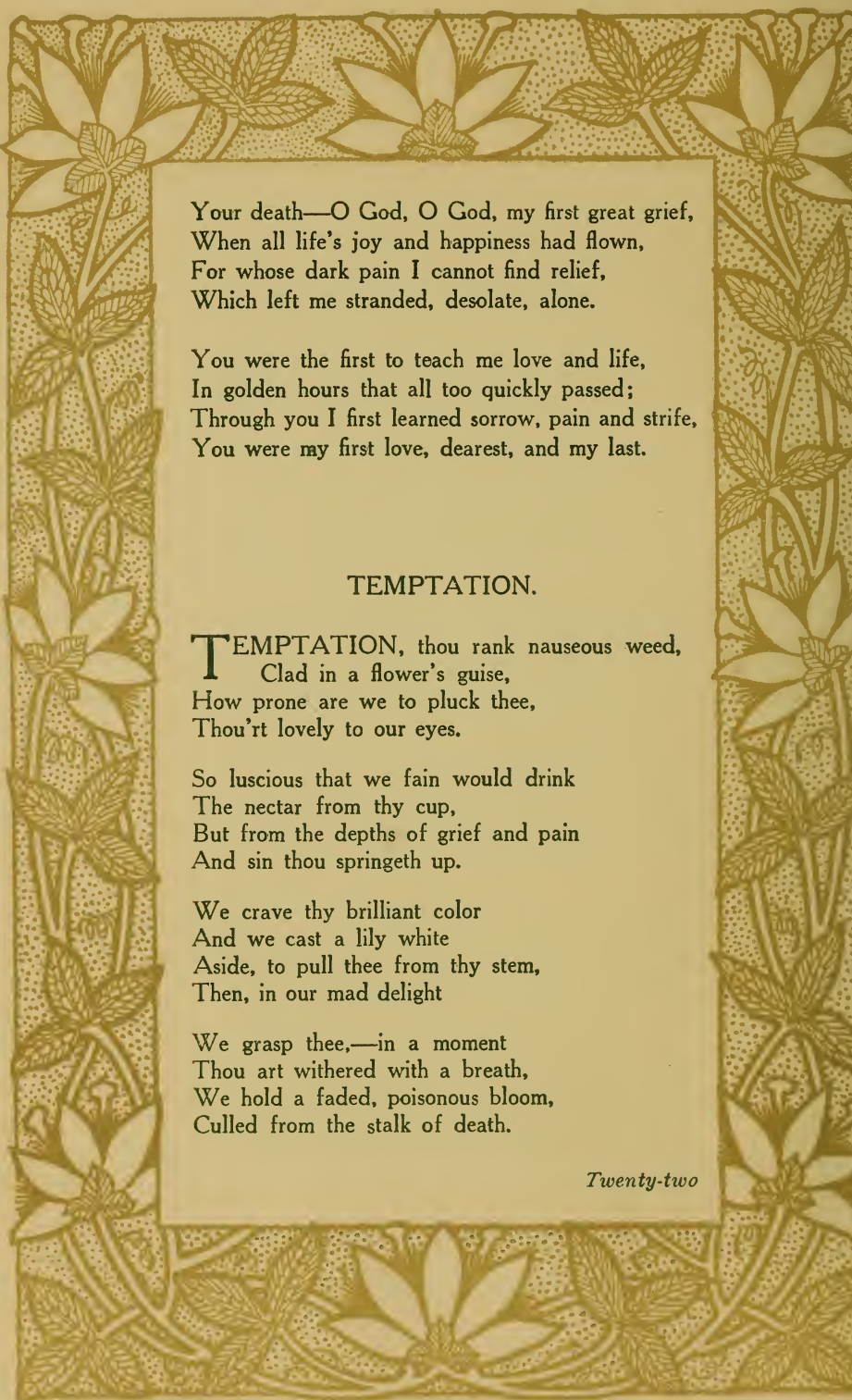
The first time that I saw you, when I stood
Like one awakened in some strange, new land,
Then our first meeting, when my womanhood
Was stirred and thrilled by pressure of your
hand.

The rapture of that first long, clinging kiss,
When soul communed with soul and understood.
Death only can efface that moment's bliss,
The wonder of it still burns in my blood.

That hour of Love's surrender to Love's pleading,
The maelstrom wild that swept our souls away,
Whirled under in its madness, all unheeding
The aftermath that burning hearts must pay.

Our first sad little quarrel so fraught with pain,
The anguish of your absence for a day;
The happiness, when with my fond head lain
Upon your breast, you kissed my tears away.

Twenty-one

A decorative border of stylized flowers and leaves surrounds the text. The flowers are large and have many petals, while the leaves are smaller and have serrated edges. The background of the border is a fine, dotted pattern.

Your death—O God, O God, my first great grief,
When all life's joy and happiness had flown,
For whose dark pain I cannot find relief,
Which left me stranded, desolate, alone.

You were the first to teach me love and life,
In golden hours that all too quickly passed;
Through you I first learned sorrow, pain and strife,
You were my first love, dearest, and my last.

TEMPTATION.

TEMPTATION, thou rank nauseous weed,
Clad in a flower's guise,
How prone are we to pluck thee,
Thou'rt lovely to our eyes.

So luscious that we fain would drink
The nectar from thy cup,
But from the depths of grief and pain
And sin thou springest up.

We crave thy brilliant color
And we cast a lily white
Aside, to pull thee from thy stem,
Then, in our mad delight

We grasp thee,—in a moment
Thou art withered with a breath,
We hold a faded, poisonous bloom,
Culled from the stalk of death.

A decorative border of stylized flowers and leaves surrounds the text. The flowers are large and have many petals, with leaves interspersed between them. The entire border is rendered in a light, golden-brown color on a slightly textured background.

LOST.

ALL penitent with wayward erring life
I reached my arms to Heav'n to plead for
grace;

But lo, I drew them back in yearning strife
And clasped you to my heart in close embrace.

'Twas fancy that had placed you there, and yet
I felt you thrilling near my pulsing breast,
And once again I said, "Let me forget,
Why come you now to rob me of my rest?"

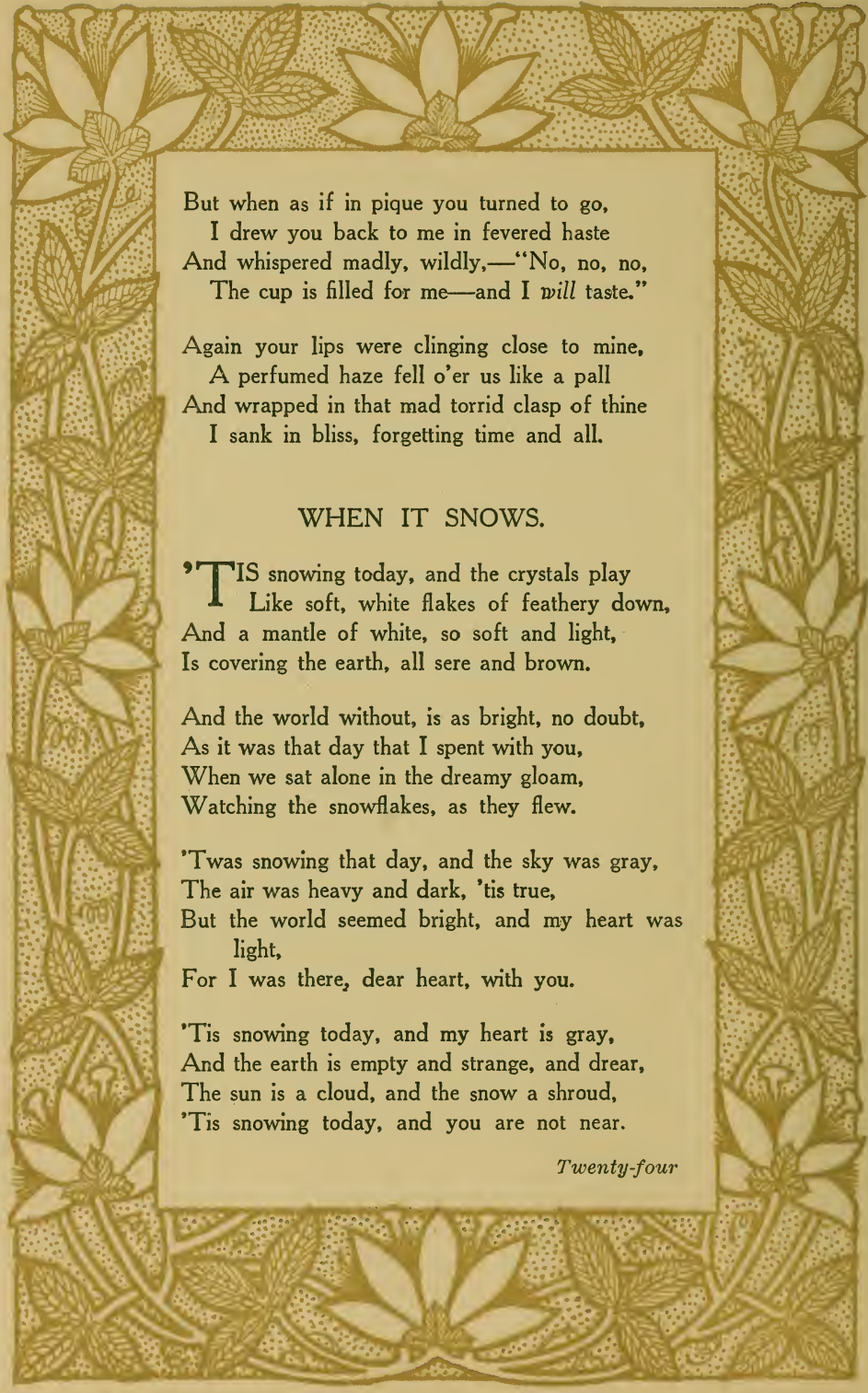
"Do you not know that love for us spells death,
For death, 'tis written, is the wage of sin?"
And then you spoke with quickened panting breath
Words—which of old I'd giv'n my soul to win.

I closed my eyes to shut away your smile,
The smile that lit my life in days gone by;
You only kissed my burning lids the while
And whispered in my ear with pleading sigh.

"Go, go and leave me, dear," I cried at length,
"I'm sick with sorrow and I yearn to pray,
Why come you back to tempt my feeble strength,
When I am searching for the narrow way?"

"Yours is a separate path and mine lies here,
I would my sin atone in lone regret;
No bliss of love can be our portion, dear,
For we must say adieu and then,—forget."

Twenty-three

A decorative border of stylized flowers and leaves surrounds the text. The flowers are large and have many petals, while the leaves are smaller and pointed. The background of the border is a fine dotted pattern.

But when as if in pique you turned to go,
I drew you back to me in fevered haste
And whispered madly, wildly,—“No, no, no,
The cup is filled for me—and I *will* taste.”

Again your lips were clinging close to mine,
A perfumed haze fell o’er us like a pall
And wrapped in that mad torrid clasp of thine
I sank in bliss, forgetting time and all.

WHEN IT SNOWS.

’TIS snowing today, and the crystals play
Like soft, white flakes of feathery down,
And a mantle of white, so soft and light,
Is covering the earth, all sere and brown.

And the world without, is as bright, no doubt,
As it was that day that I spent with you,
When we sat alone in the dreamy gloam,
Watching the snowflakes, as they flew.

’Twas snowing that day, and the sky was gray,
The air was heavy and dark, ’tis true,
But the world seemed bright, and my heart was
light,
For I was there, dear heart, with you.

’Tis snowing today, and my heart is gray,
And the earth is empty and strange, and drear,
The sun is a cloud, and the snow a shroud,
’Tis snowing today, and you are not near.

Twenty-four

EZEKIEL'S SOLILOQUY.

WISHT there warn't a thing ter do
But ter fish an' dream o' Sue.

Sneak daown ter the medder brook
Wher' they hain't no one ter look.

Th'ow my line out in the stream
Then jes' laze aroun' an' dream.

Sunlight dancin' thoo the air
'Minds me of her pretty hair.

Birds a singin' in the tree
Sounds jes' like her voice ter me.

In the shadders on the stream,
I kin see her brown eyes gleam.

Little crick a fretlin' 'long
Seems ter be her happy song.

Merry ripples bubblin' after
Thet's her ripplin' silver laughter.

Say, I'd walk a dozen miles
Jes' ter ketch one of her smiles.

Durned if I don't want ter draown
Ever' time I see her fraown.

Wisht ther' warn't a thing ter do
But ter fish an' dream o' Sue.

Th'ow my line out on the stream
Then jes' laze aroun' an' dream.

THE HOME AMONG THE PINES.

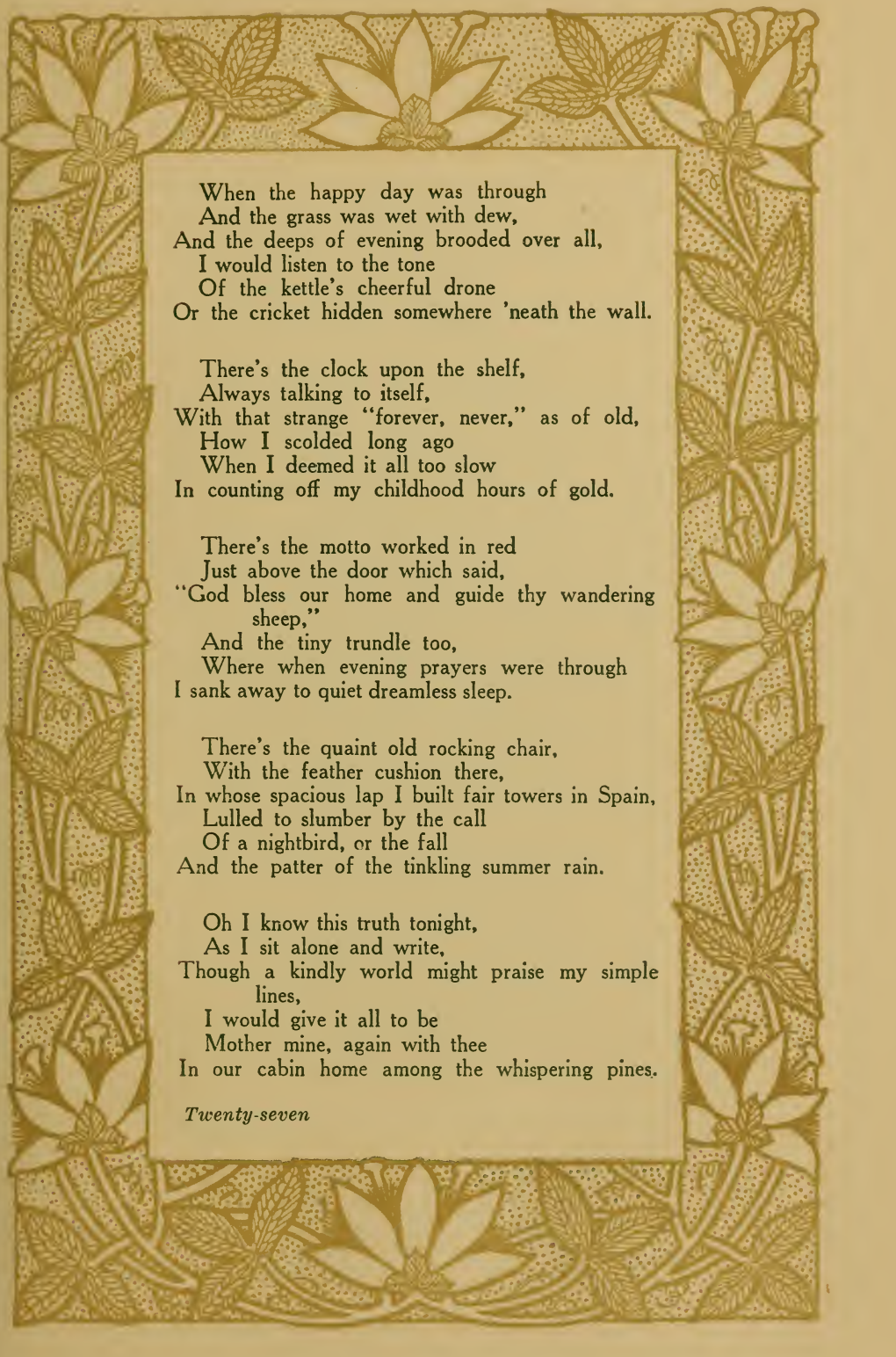
ALONE at night sometimes
When I sit and weave my rhymes
And listen to the wind among the trees,
I fancy I can hear
With their melody so clear
The pine trees as they whisper to the breeze.

Then a picture comes to me
And it seems as if I see
The stately pines that grew around my home,
The meadow just beyond,
With its lily bordered pond,
Where of old my childish footsteps loved to
 roam.

There I see the laughing brook,
That went gurgling through the nook
Or frettling dreamily above the stones,
Near whose banks I whiled away
Many hours in happy play
As I built quaint houses of the fallen cones.

There's the house of weathered gray,
Long since fallen to decay,
Though its memory lingers with a haunting grace;
And the jessamine which clung
To the window ledge or flung
Its honeyed flowers o'er the chimney place.

In the window is the light
That was always there at night,
And beside it, a sweet face, with silvery hair,
Wreathed above a patient brow,
Oh I seem to hear her now
As she lifts her gentle voice in earnest prayer.



When the happy day was through
And the grass was wet with dew,
And the deeps of evening brooded over all,
I would listen to the tone
Of the kettle's cheerful drone
Or the cricket hidden somewhere 'neath the wall.

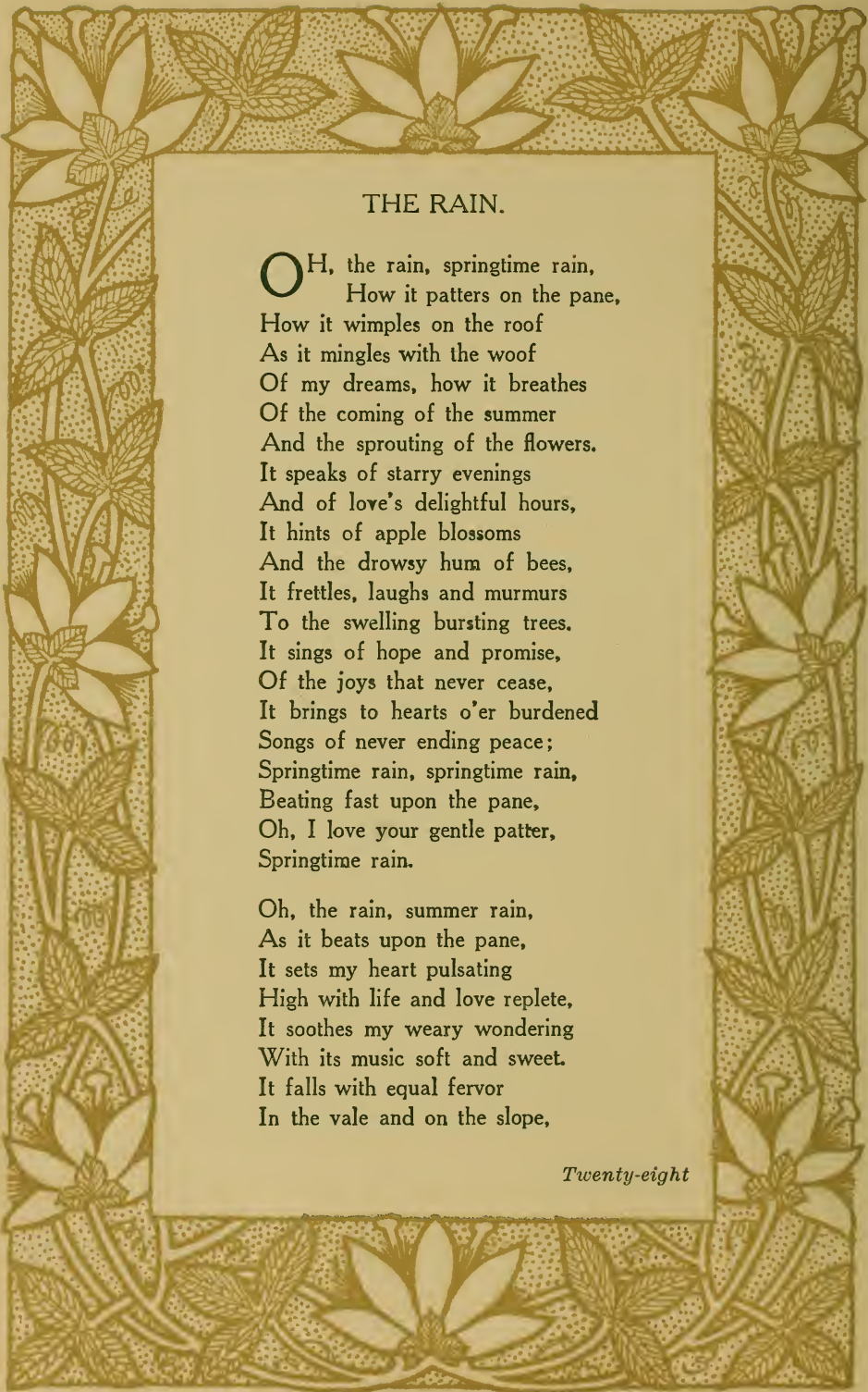
There's the clock upon the shelf,
Always talking to itself,
With that strange "forever, never," as of old,
How I scolded long ago
When I deemed it all too slow
In counting off my childhood hours of gold.

There's the motto worked in red
Just above the door which said,
"God bless our home and guide thy wandering
sheep,"
And the tiny trundle too,
Where when evening prayers were through
I sank away to quiet dreamless sleep.

There's the quaint old rocking chair,
With the feather cushion there,
In whose spacious lap I built fair towers in Spain,
Lulled to slumber by the call
Of a nightbird, or the fall
And the patter of the tinkling summer rain.

Oh I know this truth tonight,
As I sit alone and write,
Though a kindly world might praise my simple
lines,
I would give it all to be
Mother mine, again with thee
In our cabin home among the whispering pines.

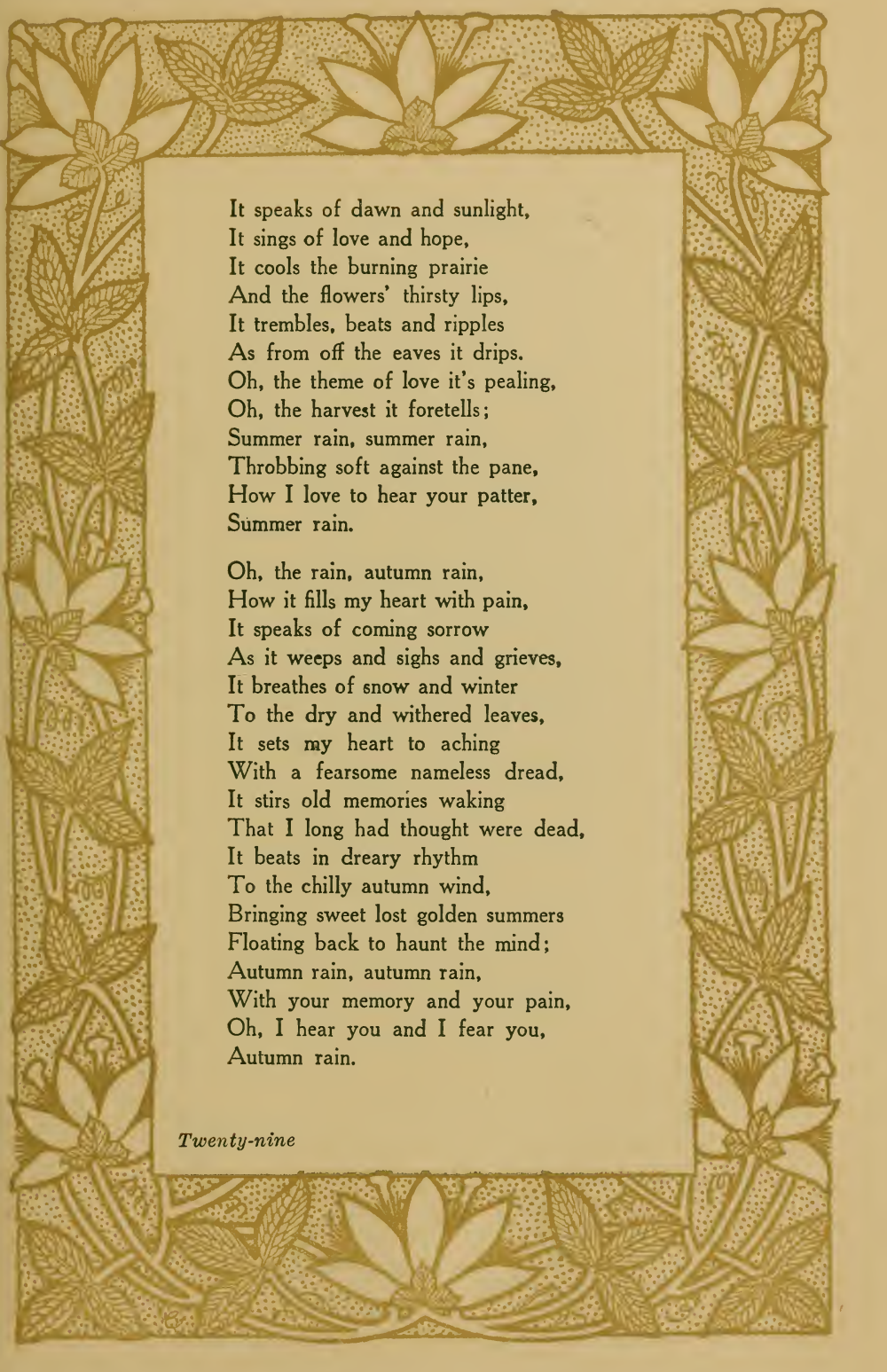
Twenty-seven



THE RAIN.

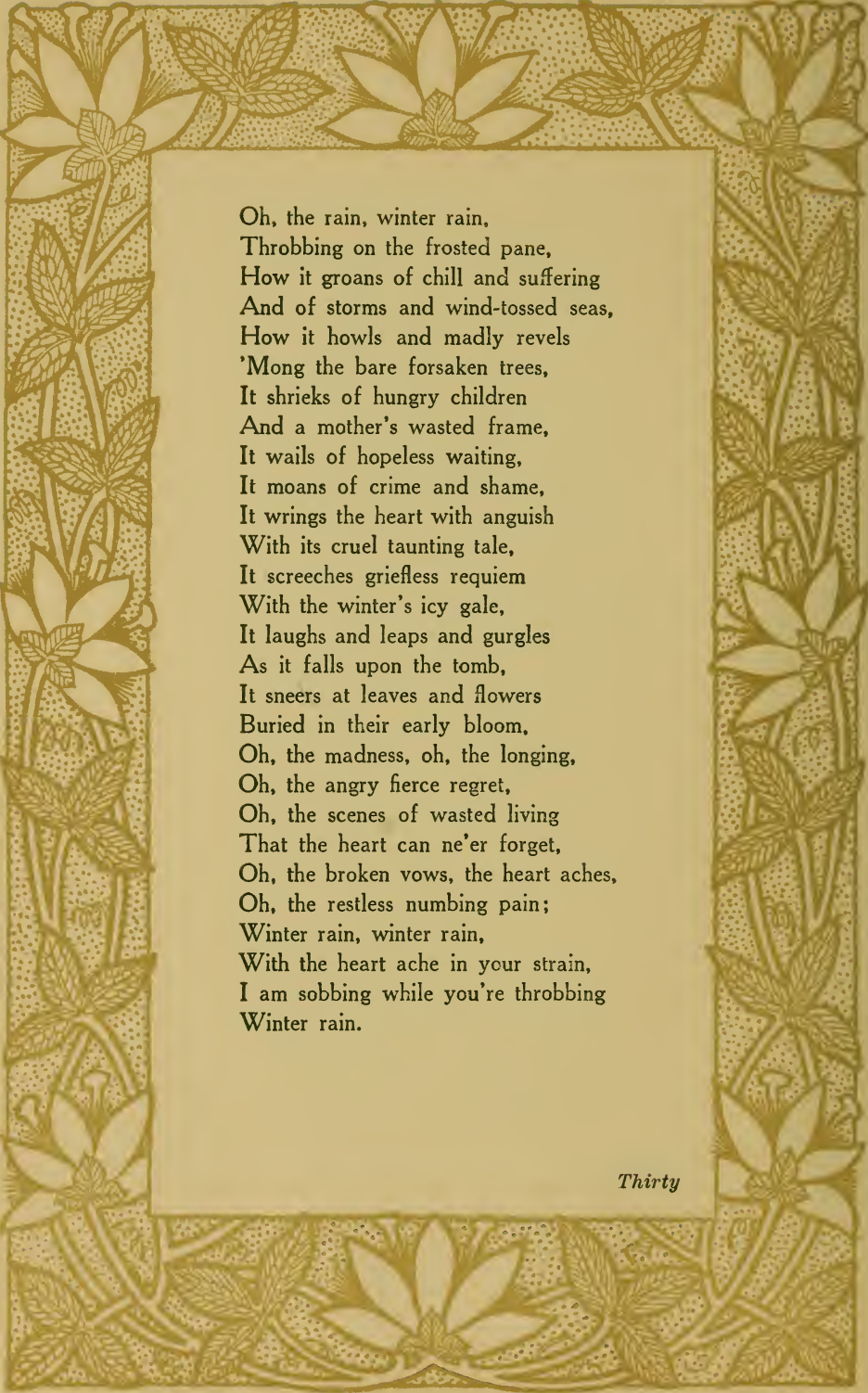
OH, the rain, springtime rain,
How it patters on the pane,
How it wimples on the roof
As it mingles with the woof
Of my dreams, how it breathes
Of the coming of the summer
And the sprouting of the flowers.
It speaks of starry evenings
And of love's delightful hours,
It hints of apple blossoms
And the drowsy hum of bees,
It frettles, laughs and murmurs
To the swelling bursting trees.
It sings of hope and promise,
Of the joys that never cease,
It brings to hearts o'er burdened
Songs of never ending peace;
Springtime rain, springtime rain,
Beating fast upon the pane,
Oh, I love your gentle patter,
Springtime rain.

Oh, the rain, summer rain,
As it beats upon the pane,
It sets my heart pulsating
High with life and love replete,
It soothes my weary wondering
With its music soft and sweet.
It falls with equal fervor
In the vale and on the slope,

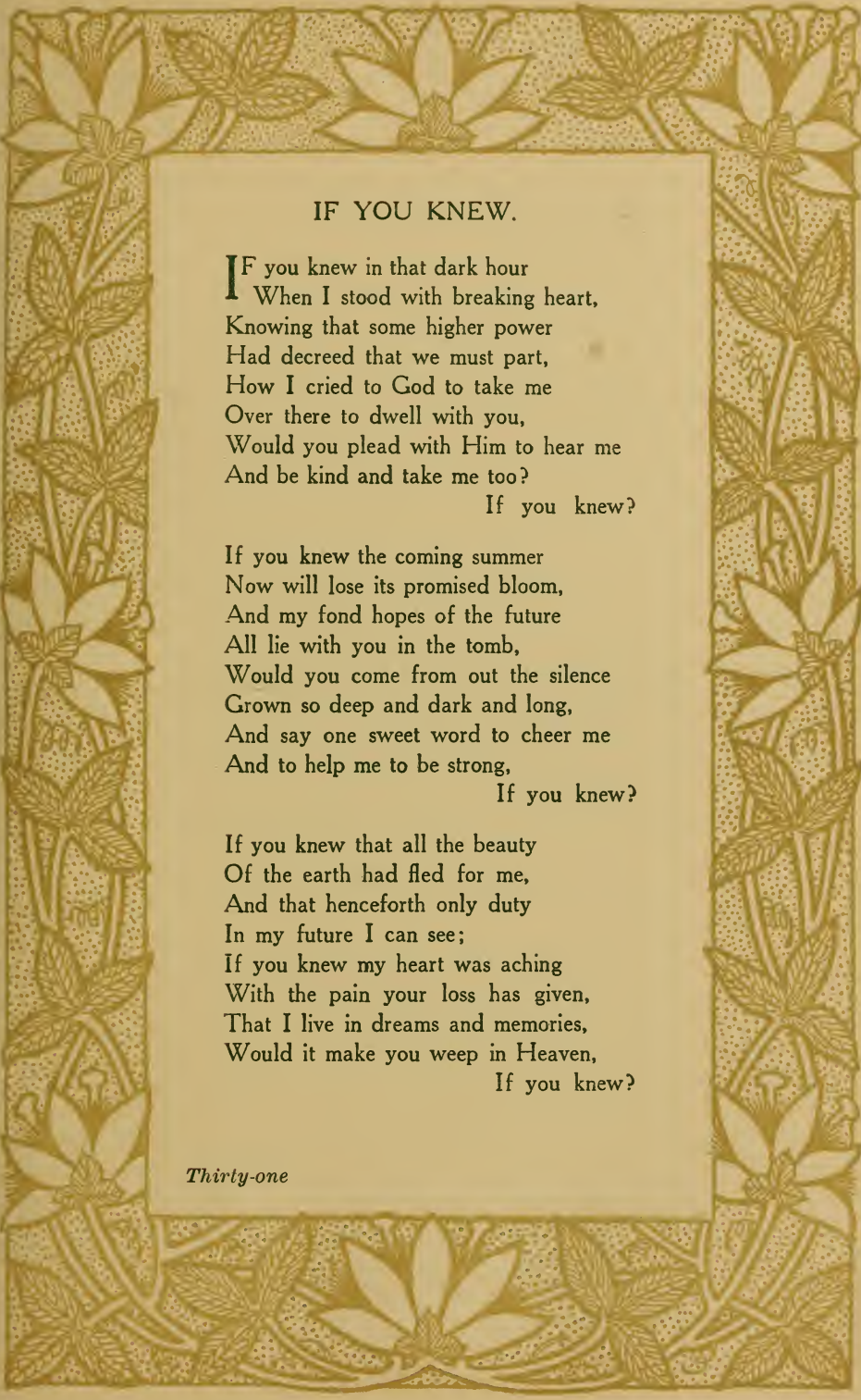


It speaks of dawn and sunlight,
It sings of love and hope,
It cools the burning prairie
And the flowers' thirsty lips,
It trembles, beats and ripples
As from off the eaves it drips.
Oh, the theme of love it's pealing,
Oh, the harvest it foretells;
Summer rain, summer rain,
Throbbing soft against the pane,
How I love to hear your patter,
Summer rain.

Oh, the rain, autumn rain,
How it fills my heart with pain,
It speaks of coming sorrow
As it weeps and sighs and grieves,
It breathes of snow and winter
To the dry and withered leaves,
It sets my heart to aching
With a fearsome nameless dread,
It stirs old memories waking
That I long had thought were dead,
It beats in dreary rhythm
To the chilly autumn wind,
Bringing sweet lost golden summers
Floating back to haunt the mind;
Autumn rain, autumn rain,
With your memory and your pain,
Oh, I hear you and I fear you,
Autumn rain.



Oh, the rain, winter rain,
Throbbing on the frosted pane,
How it groans of chill and suffering
And of storms and wind-tossed seas,
How it howls and madly revels
'Mong the bare forsaken trees,
It shrieks of hungry children
And a mother's wasted frame,
It wails of hopeless waiting,
It moans of crime and shame,
It wrings the heart with anguish
With its cruel taunting tale,
It screeches griefless requiem
With the winter's icy gale,
It laughs and leaps and gurgles
As it falls upon the tomb,
It sneers at leaves and flowers
Buried in their early bloom,
Oh, the madness, oh, the longing,
Oh, the angry fierce regret,
Oh, the scenes of wasted living
That the heart can ne'er forget,
Oh, the broken vows, the heart aches,
Oh, the restless numbing pain;
Winter rain, winter rain,
With the heart ache in your strain,
I am sobbing while you're throbbing
Winter rain.

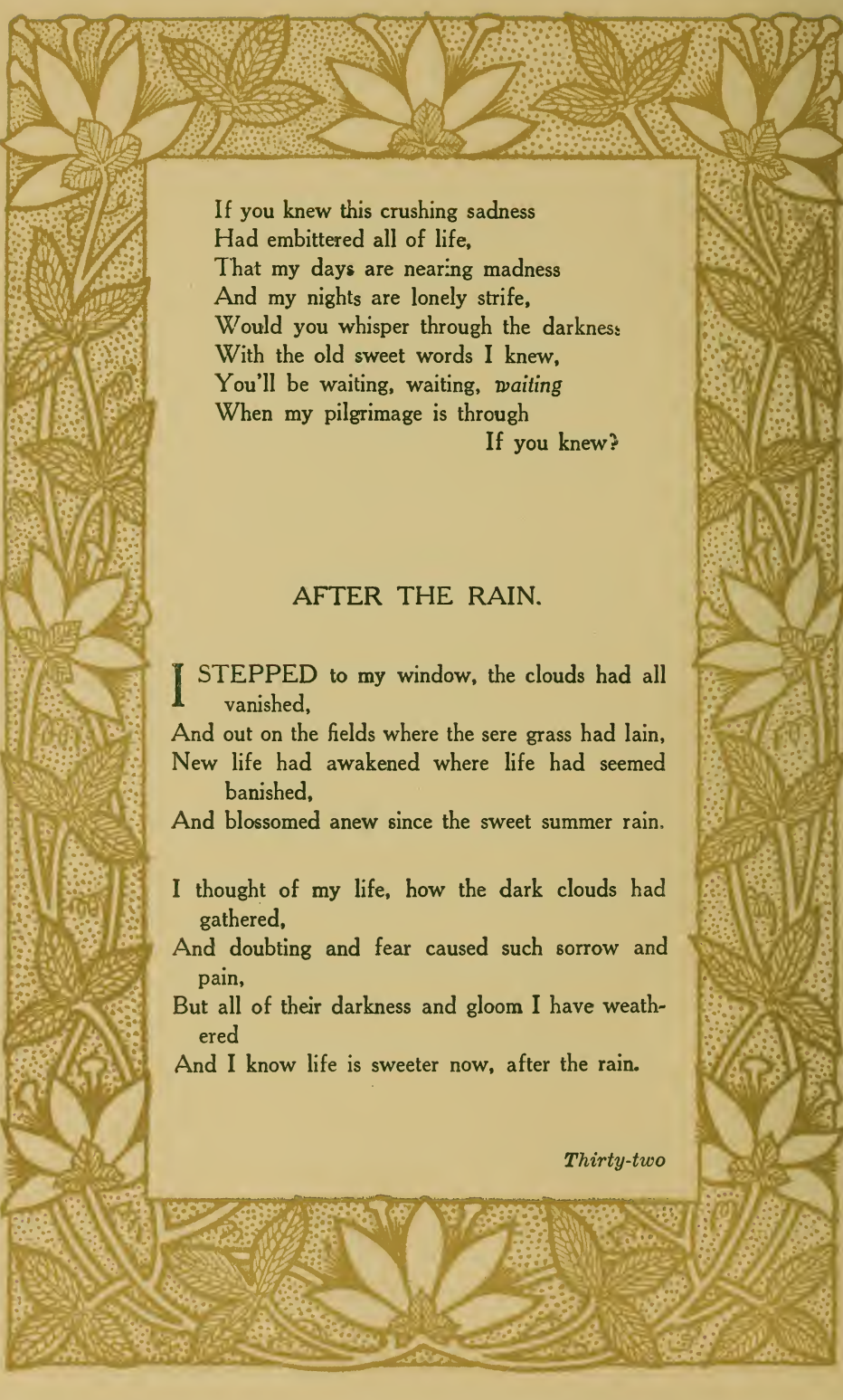
A decorative border of stylized flowers and leaves surrounds the text. The flowers are large and have many petals, while the leaves are smaller and pointed. The border is composed of repeating patterns of these elements.

IF YOU KNEW.

If you knew in that dark hour
When I stood with breaking heart,
Knowing that some higher power
Had decreed that we must part,
How I cried to God to take me
Over there to dwell with you,
Would you plead with Him to hear me
And be kind and take me too?
If you knew?

If you knew the coming summer
Now will lose its promised bloom,
And my fond hopes of the future
All lie with you in the tomb,
Would you come from out the silence
Grown so deep and dark and long,
And say one sweet word to cheer me
And to help me to be strong,
If you knew?

If you knew that all the beauty
Of the earth had fled for me,
And that henceforth only duty
In my future I can see;
If you knew my heart was aching
With the pain your loss has given,
That I live in dreams and memories,
Would it make you weep in Heaven,
If you knew?



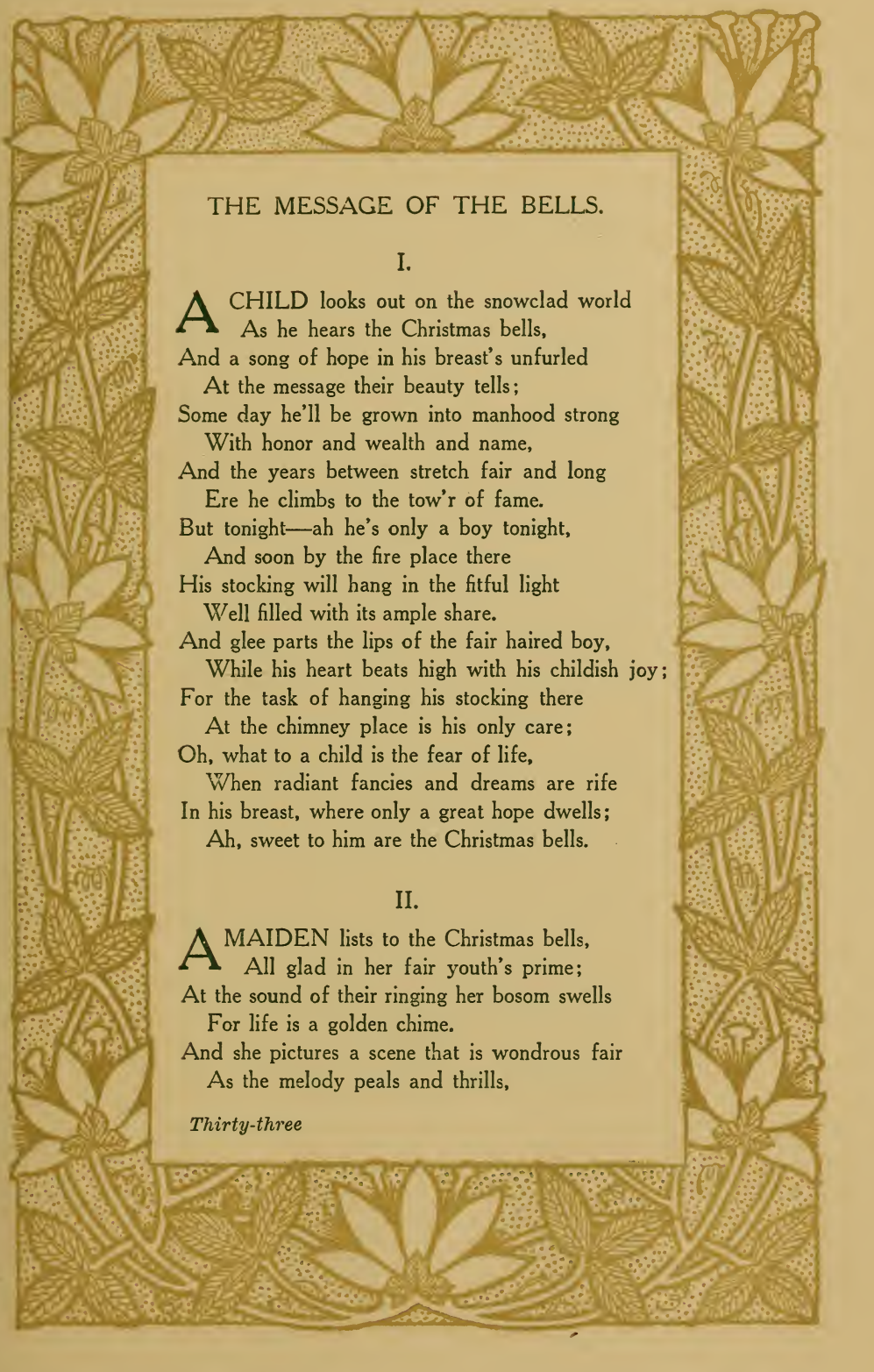
If you knew this crushing sadness
Had embittered all of life,
That my days are nearing madness
And my nights are lonely strife,
Would you whisper through the darkness
With the old sweet words I knew,
You'll be waiting, waiting, *waiting*
When my pilgrimage is through
If you knew?

AFTER THE RAIN.

I STEPPED to my window, the clouds had all
vanished,
And out on the fields where the sere grass had lain,
New life had awakened where life had seemed
banished,
And blossomed anew since the sweet summer rain.

I thought of my life, how the dark clouds had
gathered,
And doubting and fear caused such sorrow and
pain,
But all of their darkness and gloom I have weath-
ered
And I know life is sweeter now, after the rain.

Thirty-two



THE MESSAGE OF THE BELLS.

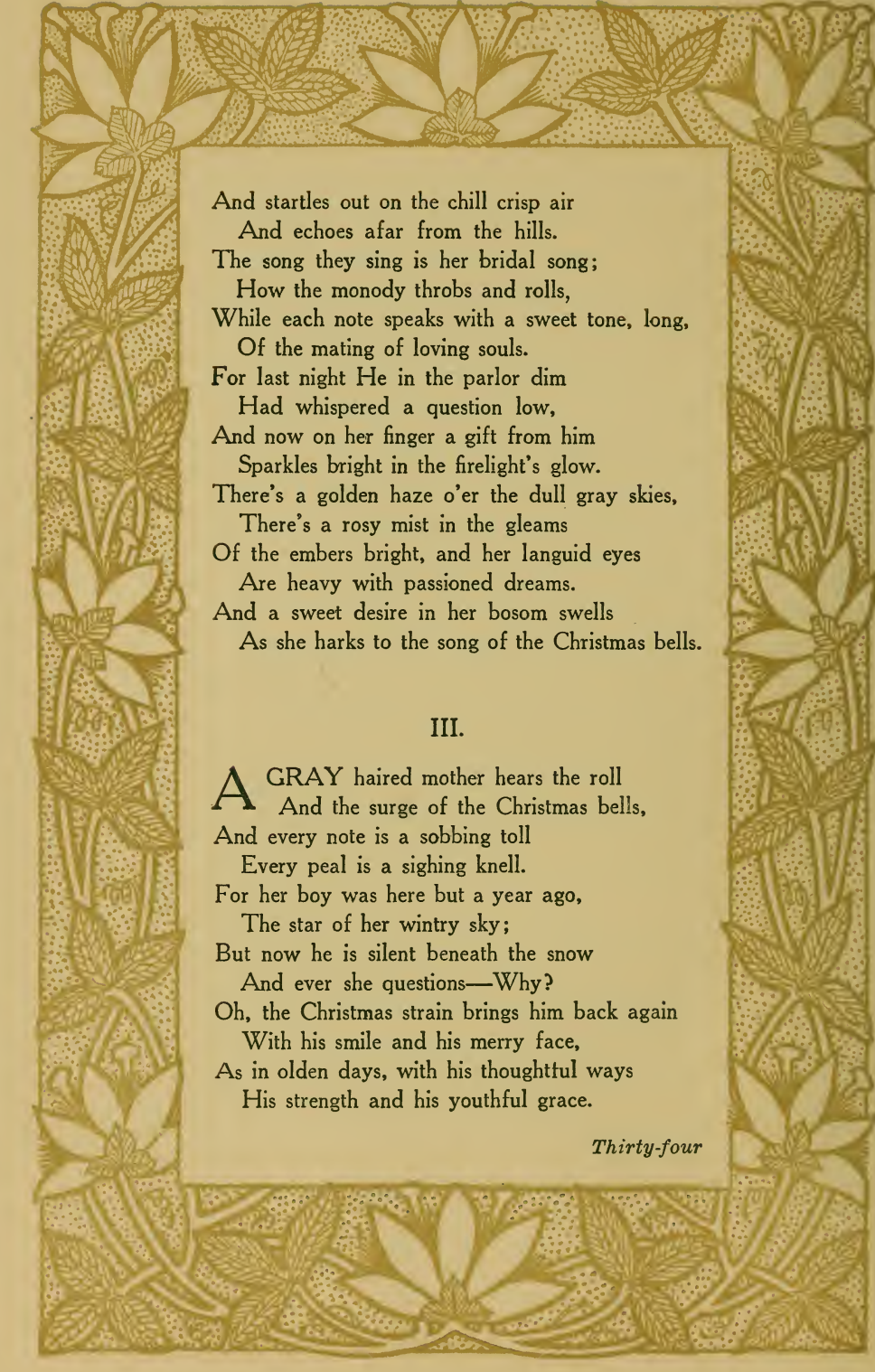
I.

A CHILD looks out on the snowclad world
As he hears the Christmas bells,
And a song of hope in his breast's unfurled
At the message their beauty tells;
Some day he'll be grown into manhood strong
With honor and wealth and name,
And the years between stretch fair and long
Ere he climbs to the tow'r of fame.
But tonight—ah he's only a boy tonight,
And soon by the fire place there
His stocking will hang in the fitful light
Well filled with its ample share.
And glee parts the lips of the fair haired boy,
While his heart beats high with his childish joy;
For the task of hanging his stocking there
At the chimney place is his only care;
Oh, what to a child is the fear of life,
When radiant fancies and dreams are rife
In his breast, where only a great hope dwells;
Ah, sweet to him are the Christmas bells.

II.

A MAIDEN lists to the Christmas bells,
All glad in her fair youth's prime;
At the sound of their ringing her bosom swells
For life is a golden chime.
And she pictures a scene that is wondrous fair
As the melody peals and thrills,

Thirty-three

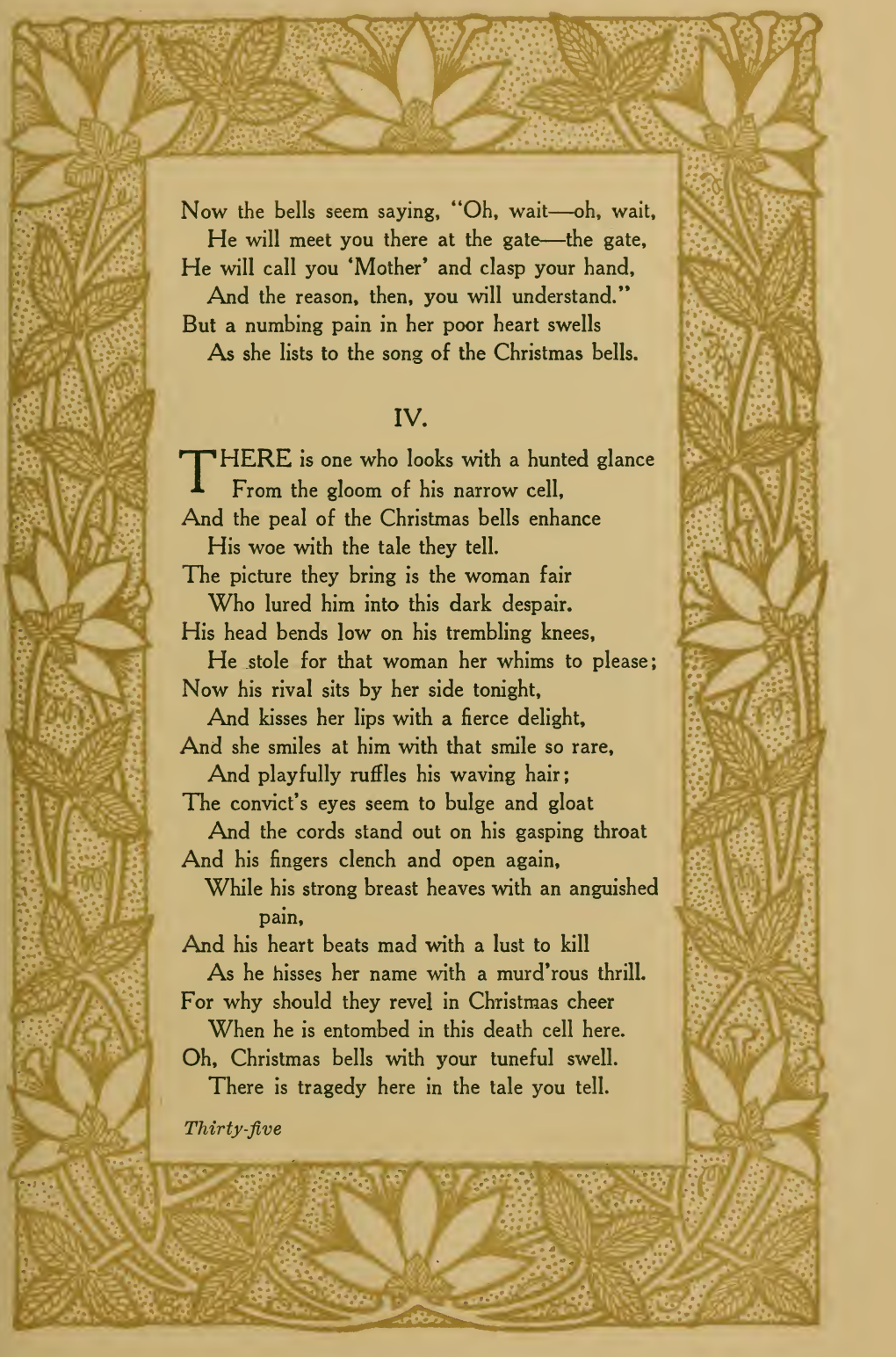
A decorative border of stylized flowers and leaves surrounds the text. The flowers are large and have many petals, while the leaves are smaller and pointed. The border is composed of repeating patterns of these elements.

And startles out on the chill crisp air
And echoes afar from the hills.
The song they sing is her bridal song;
How the monody throbs and rolls,
While each note speaks with a sweet tone, long,
Of the mating of loving souls.
For last night He in the parlor dim
Had whispered a question low,
And now on her finger a gift from him
Sparkles bright in the firelight's glow.
There's a golden haze o'er the dull gray skies,
There's a rosy mist in the gleams
Of the embers bright, and her languid eyes
Are heavy with passioned dreams.
And a sweet desire in her bosom swells
As she harks to the song of the Christmas bells.

III.

A GRAY haired mother hears the roll
And the surge of the Christmas bells,
And every note is a sobbing toll
Every peal is a sighing knell.
For her boy was here but a year ago,
The star of her wintry sky;
But now he is silent beneath the snow
And ever she questions—Why?
Oh, the Christmas strain brings him back again
With his smile and his merry face,
As in olden days, with his thoughtful ways
His strength and his youthful grace.

Thirty-four

A decorative border of stylized flowers and leaves surrounds the text. The flowers are large and have multiple petals, with leaves interspersed between them. The entire border is rendered in a light, golden-brown color on a slightly textured background.

Now the bells seem saying, "Oh, wait—oh, wait,
He will meet you there at the gate—the gate,
He will call you 'Mother' and clasp your hand,
And the reason, then, you will understand."
But a numbing pain in her poor heart swells
As she lists to the song of the Christmas bells.

IV.

THERE is one who looks with a hunted glance
From the gloom of his narrow cell,
And the peal of the Christmas bells enhance
His woe with the tale they tell.
The picture they bring is the woman fair
Who lured him into this dark despair.
His head bends low on his trembling knees,
He stole for that woman her whims to please;
Now his rival sits by her side tonight,
And kisses her lips with a fierce delight,
And she smiles at him with that smile so rare,
And playfully ruffles his waving hair;
The convict's eyes seem to bulge and gloat
And the cords stand out on his gasping throat
And his fingers clench and open again,
While his strong breast heaves with an anguished
pain,
And his heart beats mad with a lust to kill
As he hisses her name with a murd'rous thrill.
For why should they revel in Christmas cheer
When he is entombed in this death cell here.
Oh, Christmas bells with your tuneful swell.
There is tragedy here in the tale you tell.

Thirty-five

V.

AND some one sits where the lure lights swing,
She too hears the song that the glad bells
sing.

Her face is listless and pale and wan,

For the brightest hopes of her youth are gone.
And the world's cold eyes can see naught of good

In the wreck of that God-fashioned womanhood,
Nor can they see through her sordid strife

The beautiful mother and tender wife
That she might have been had her lot been cast

In a pathway fair in that ill spent past.
No one knows how she struggled to rise from shame

And erase the stain on her fair good name,
How the wolf fangs gleamed in the men's bold
eyes,

How the women sneered or with heedless sighs
Met her wistful gaze with a darkling frown,

And vied with each other to help her down.
Till step by step on the hellward way,

She has reached the nadir of shame today.
The bells chime on—how their tones recall

Those wasted years 'neath the past's dark pall.
When lo! she hears in their low, sad moan,

"Christ died for your sins to atone—atone,
He suffered that anguish for you—for you,

Repent ye and pray; it is true—'tis true."
Then her eyes that were cold with the scorn of the
years,

Are bathed in a torrent of penitent tears,
While the sweet tones fall with their dying throbs
Her frail form shakes with remorseful sobs.

Thirty-six

VI.

RING on sweet bells of the Christmas time
For you brighten some lives with your
rhythmic chime

For some, you sing tragedy, sorrow and fear,
For others dear hope and a crown of cheer;
But for all there's a message of love untold
Of the One who died for the world,—of old;
There is hope in the story your pealing tells,
So ring, ring on, oh ye Christmas bells.

SNOW.

SNOW in the air, in the wintry air,
(Oh, the white, feathery snow!)
Covering the grass, the leaves and the flowers,
So withered and sere, below.

'Tis a soft, downy blanket that Nature prepared,
And her children now sweetly asleep,
From the cold north wind with its icy breath,
All snug and warm it will keep.

Snow on my heart, on my quivering heart,
(Oh, the cold, desolate snow!)
Covers my love, my joy and my youth,
All silent and cold, below.

'Tis a cruel winding sheet that Fate has prepared,
On my passionate soul to spread.
'Tis a shroud that covers my happiness
My beautiful hopes—all dead.

Thirty-seven

TO A CHILD UNBORN.

WEE quiverin' life wi' in my ain,
Thou heir to a' earth's sorry pain,
My breast is burdened wi' a weight o' care
That surges through my soul today
For thinkin' o' the weary way
Thy tiny, tender feet through life maun fare.

Fu' well I ken thy prattling way
Will gladden mony a weary day;
Thy laughter fill the house wi' cannie glee,
Thy voice will echo frae the wa's,
Thy footsteps patter down the ha's,
But ah, I'm wae, I'm wae, to think o' thee.

Ay, though I long to kiss thy face,
An' clasp thee i' my fond embrace,
An' feel thy tender lips against my breast,
I canna help but grieve for thee,
For, oh, sae sad a soul maun be
Ere yet it reaches Heav'n's eternal rest.

Could I but point the pit fa's great,
That i' thy pathway yawn an' wait,
An' could thy mither's eyes the sorrow see
An' turn aside frae thee ilk care
That lurks where a' appears sae fair,
Ah, then, my bairn, I wad na fear for thee.

But oh the pain, the pain o' life,
The ceaseless moil an' toil an' strife,
Would God, that I could keep thee as thou art,
Safe, safe frae ilka waefu' thrill,
Frae dool an' tears an' care an' ill,
Beneath the throbbin' shelter o' my heart.

Thirty-eight

GLOOMY THINGS.

SAY, I kinder like the rain
Es it falls upon the plain,
An' I like ter hear it when it sorter grieves;
An' ye know I like the snow
Es it falls so soft and slow,
An' covers up the flowers an' the leaves.

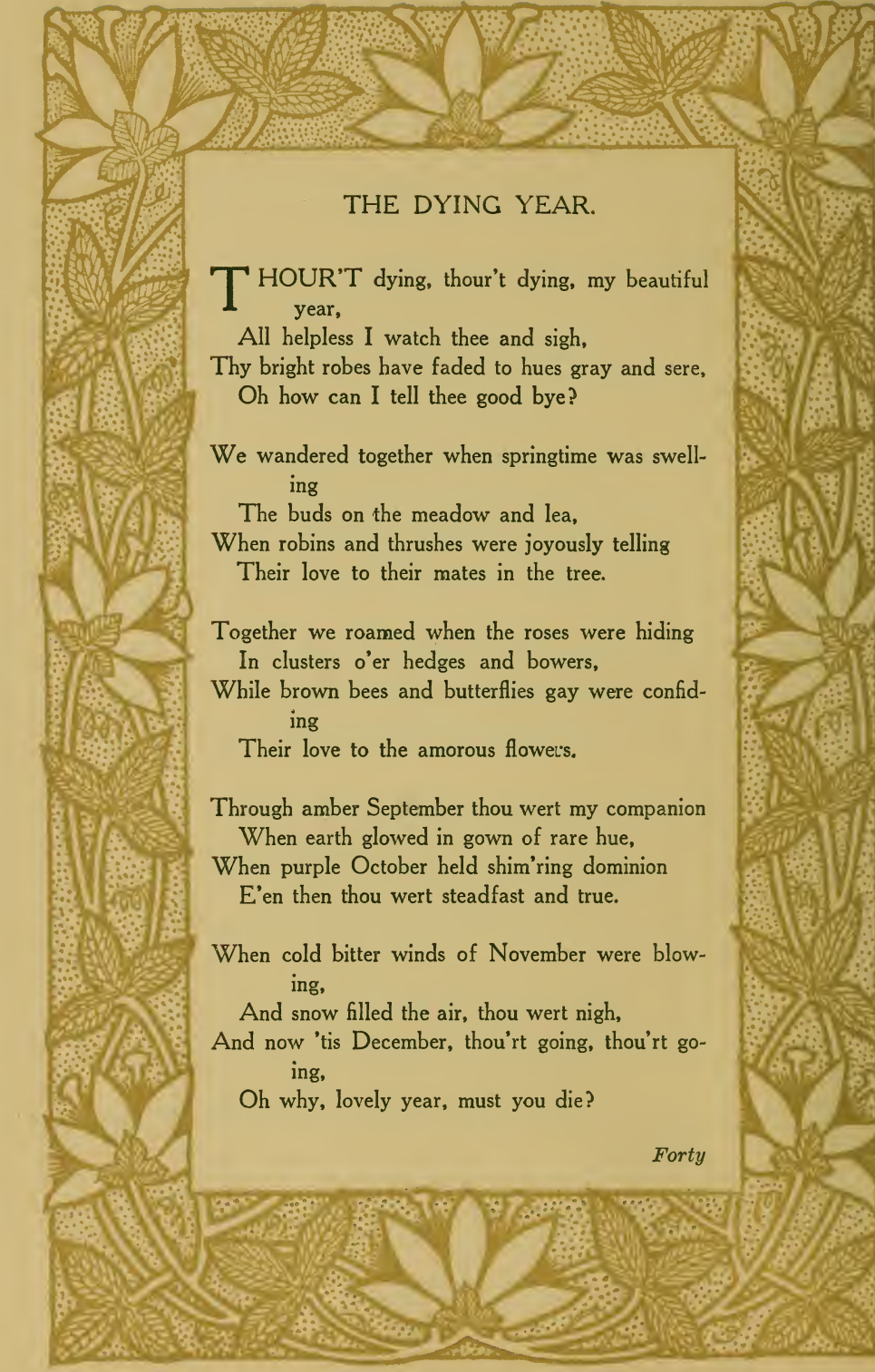
An' I like ter see the frost,
(Though the garden may be lost,)
But I jes' enjoy the snap that's in the air;
An' I fairly drink the sight
O' the world all gleamin' white,
An' the sparklin' jewels glitterin' everywhere.

An' there hain't no greater treat
Than ter see the beads o' sleet
A hangin' thick on every limb an' weed;
An' the clouds so dark an' gray
Seem ter thrill me through some way,
Jes' es though they air the very things I need.

An' I even like ter hear
The ole wind, so cold and drear,
Es it whirls aroun' the chimney place an' whines;
En ter hear it's wailin' Woo-oo-oo
As it goes a soughin' through
The branches o' the lonesome, moanin' pines.

Cain't tell why it's so with me,
Fer I'm sartin' I kin see
The sunlight an' the joy the sunlight brings.
But they's somepin ye cain't beat
In the sadness thet's so sweet
That ye cain't describe in them there gloomy things.

Thirty-nine



THE DYING YEAR.

THOUR'T dying, thou't dying, my beautiful
year,

All helpless I watch thee and sigh,
Thy bright robes have faded to hues gray and sere,
Oh how can I tell thee good bye?

We wandered together when springtime was swell-
ing

The buds on the meadow and lea,
When robins and thrushes were joyously telling
Their love to their mates in the tree.

Together we roamed when the roses were hiding
In clusters o'er hedges and bowers,
While brown bees and butterflies gay were confid-
ing

Their love to the amorous flowers.

Through amber September thou wert my companion
When earth glowed in gown of rare hue,
When purple October held shim'ring dominion
E'en then thou wert steadfast and true.

When cold bitter winds of November were blow-
ing,

And snow filled the air, thou wert nigh,
And now 'tis December, thou'rt going, thou'rt go-
ing,

Oh why, lovely year, must you die?

And what lies in store in the year that will follow,
Can any such joy as I knew,
Be mine, as when down through the mere and the
hollow
I wandered so gaily with you?

Will others deal kindly as thou, with the madness
Of youth that is thrilling each vein,
Or will they bring woe, retribution and sadness,
Or sunlight, or darkness and rain?

Stay but a while longer nor leave me here sighing,
Thou who wert all sunlight and cheer,
The bells are all pealing—thou’rt dying, thou’rt
dying,
My beautiful, beautiful year.

THE TRUANT HOUR.

O H, little truant hour, return again,
Nor leave me with this bitterness and pain;
Strange fears and doubts have crept in and de-
stroyed
Thy memories sweet and left the darkness void.

I loved thee, and I love thee still so well,
I could not, aye I would not dare to tell,
What years of life I’d give, what pain endure,
To live thee o’er, thou fleeting truant hour.

Forty-one

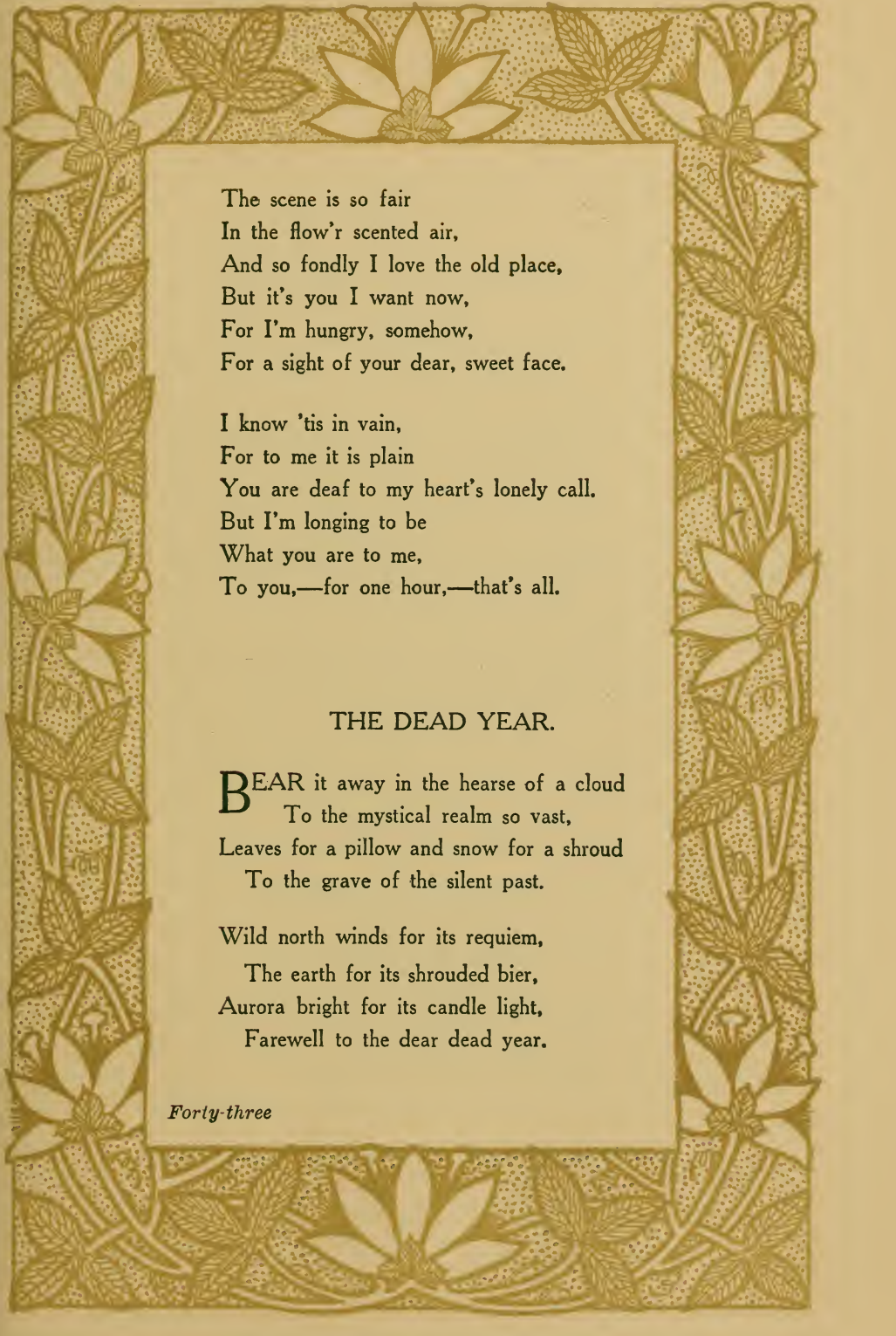
LONELY.

O H, the sight of a brook,
Or a cool, shady nook,
Brings a memory to me that is pain,
For it calls to my mind
Our meeting one time
And I long to be with you again.

The brook's little song
As it frets along,
O'er the stones in the sunlight's gleam,
Does but mock at my pain
With its soft minor strain,
As I linger and listen and dream.

The breezes that sigh
Through the leaves up so high,
Are the breath of my sweet train of thought,
But the echoes that start
Wring my quivering heart,
For you know not the sorrow you wrought.

The birds and the bees
And the lonesome old trees,
With time, have no different grown,
But they're different to me
For, sweetheart, don't you see,
This time I am here all alone.



The scene is so fair
In the flow'r scented air,
And so fondly I love the old place,
But it's you I want now,
For I'm hungry, somehow,
For a sight of your dear, sweet face.

I know 'tis in vain,
For to me it is plain
You are deaf to my heart's lonely call.
But I'm longing to be
What you are to me,
To you,—for one hour,—that's all.

THE DEAD YEAR.

BEAR it away in the hearse of a cloud
To the mystical realm so vast,
Leaves for a pillow and snow for a shroud
To the grave of the silent past.

Wild north winds for its requiem,
The earth for its shrouded bier,
Aurora bright for its candle light,
Farewell to the dear dead year.

THE ANSWER.

YOUR letter came this morning
And I've read it o'er and o'er,
That dear familiar writing
I have read so oft before.

It seems so strange for you to write
That now our love must end,
And close by saying that you wish
To always be—"my friend."

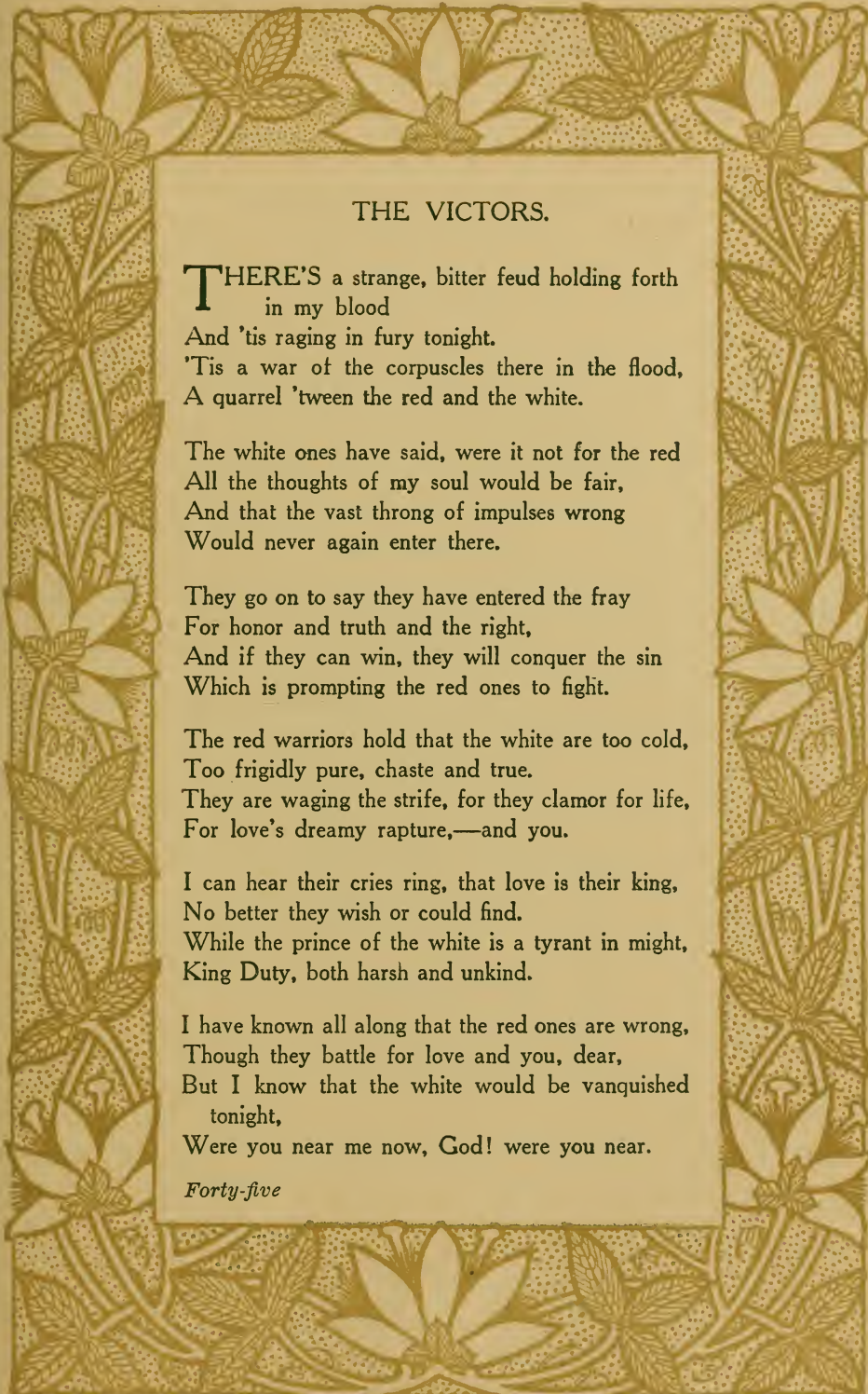
You, *you* my friend, whose image
I have carried night and day,
Whose every treasured glance is locked
Within my heart away.

Whose name I've sobbed out nightly,
With broken hearted moan,
On waking from some troubled dream
To find myself alone.

Whose form I've reached my arms to clasp
In yawning darkness there,
To draw them back in loneliness,
Mad anguish and despair.

You, who have been my guiding star,
Of all my hopes the goal,
The idol of my passioned heart,
My love, my life, my soul.

You speak of "friendship" after this,
My heart breaks ere I try,
I only kiss your lips and say
Goodbye—dear Love, *goodbye*.



THE VICTORS.

THERE'S a strange, bitter feud holding forth
in my blood
And 'tis raging in fury tonight.
'Tis a war of the corpuscles there in the flood,
A quarrel 'tween the red and the white.

The white ones have said, were it not for the red
All the thoughts of my soul would be fair,
And that the vast throng of impulses wrong
Would never again enter there.

They go on to say they have entered the fray
For honor and truth and the right,
And if they can win, they will conquer the sin
Which is prompting the red ones to fight.

The red warriors hold that the white are too cold,
Too frigidly pure, chaste and true.
They are waging the strife, for they clamor for life,
For love's dreamy rapture,—and you.

I can hear their cries ring, that love is their king,
No better they wish or could find.
While the prince of the white is a tyrant in might,
King Duty, both harsh and unkind.

I have known all along that the red ones are wrong,
Though they battle for love and you, dear,
But I know that the white would be vanquished
tonight,
Were you near me now, God! were you near.

Forty-five

THE RIVER'S SECRET.

THE river's all that's left ter me,
Ther's nothin fer me here,
Not anything as I kin see
Ter make the darkness clear.

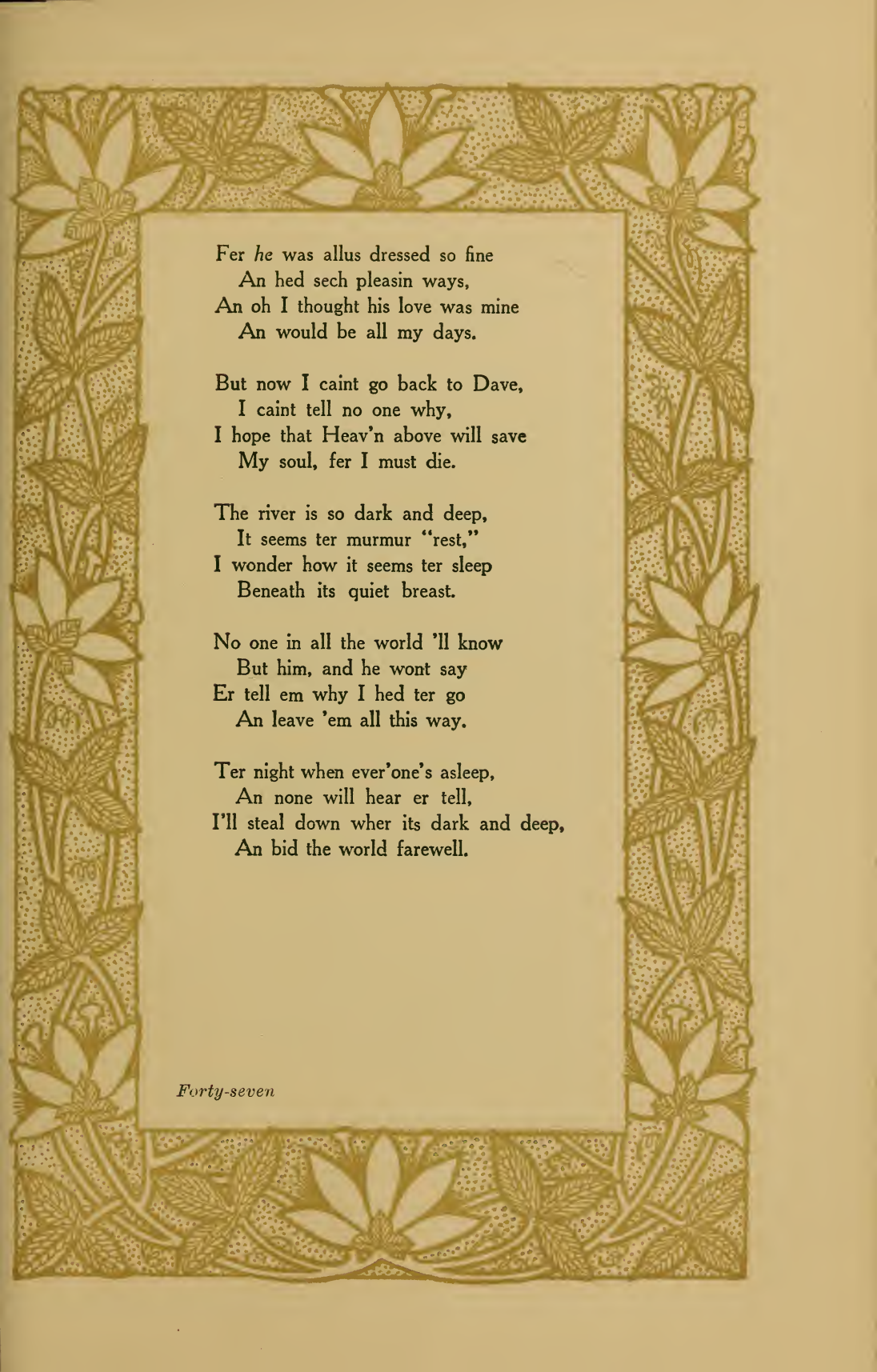
There's Pa and Zeke an' Brother Ben,
I darent tell them though,
An if the neighbors knew, why then—
Oh they must never know.

An *he* is gone, I wonder why
He left two months ago,
I told him I was sad an I
Jes *hadter* tell him so.

And then—why then he went away,
An never has come back,
Ner he haint wrote me ter this day,
An I caint git no track

Of him at all, Oh God, I wish
That Ma was here—but no,
I guess she's better wher she is
Out there beneath the snow.

If I'd er never met him—I
Why I'd er married Dave,
An Dave he's allus said he'd die
Ter only be my slave.



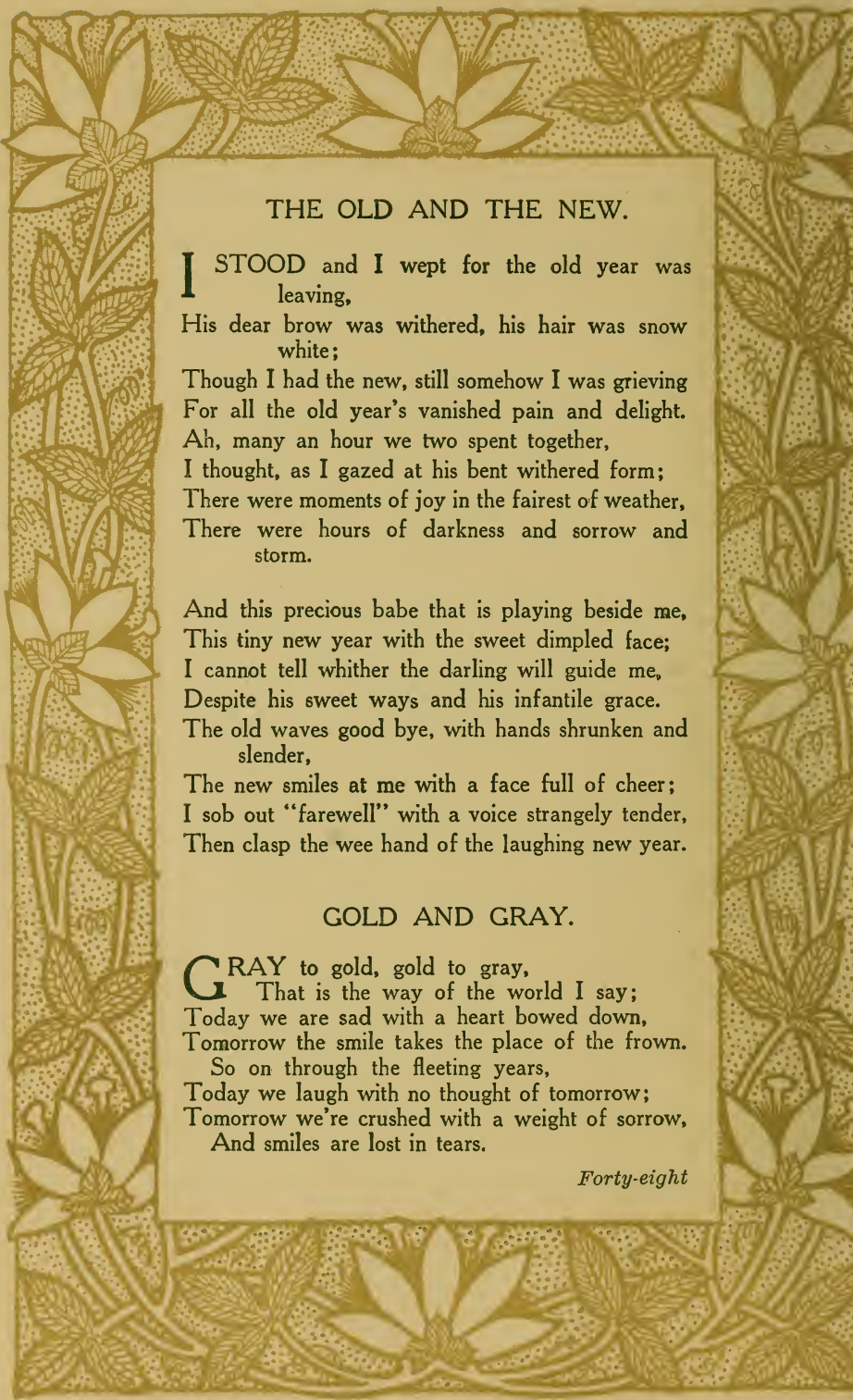
Fer *he* was allus dressed so fine
An hed sech pleasin ways,
An oh I thought his love was mine
An would be all my days.

But now I caint go back to Dave,
I caint tell no one why,
I hope that Heav'n above will save
My soul, fer I must die.

The river is so dark and deep,
It seems ter murmur "rest,"
I wonder how it seems ter sleep
Beneath its quiet breast.

No one in all the world 'll know
But him, and he wont say
Er tell em why I hed ter go
An leave 'em all this way.

Ter night when ever'one's asleep,
An none will hear er tell,
I'll steal down wher its dark and deep,
An bid the world farewell.

A decorative border with a repeating pattern of stylized flowers and leaves, rendered in a light, sketchy style, framing the central text area.

THE OLD AND THE NEW.

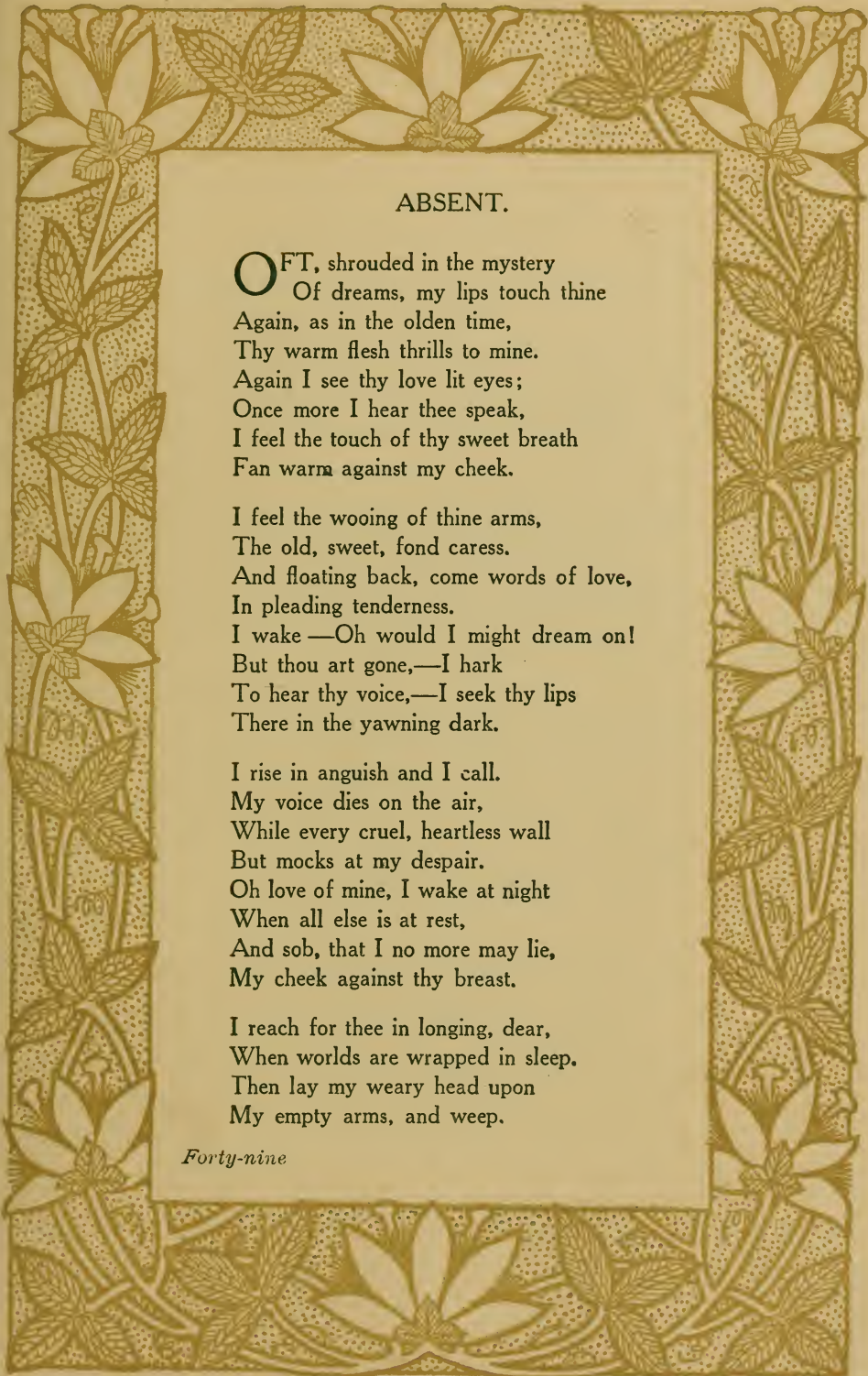
I STOOD and I wept for the old year was leaving,
His dear brow was withered, his hair was snow white;
Though I had the new, still somehow I was grieving
For all the old year's vanished pain and delight.
Ah, many an hour we two spent together,
I thought, as I gazed at his bent withered form;
There were moments of joy in the fairest of weather,
There were hours of darkness and sorrow and storm.

And this precious babe that is playing beside me,
This tiny new year with the sweet dimpled face;
I cannot tell whither the darling will guide me,
Despite his sweet ways and his infantile grace.
The old waves good bye, with hands shrunken and slender,

The new smiles at me with a face full of cheer;
I sob out "farewell" with a voice strangely tender,
Then clasp the wee hand of the laughing new year.

GOLD AND GRAY.

GRAY to gold, gold to gray,
That is the way of the world I say;
Today we are sad with a heart bowed down,
Tomorrow the smile takes the place of the frown.
So on through the fleeting years,
Today we laugh with no thought of tomorrow;
Tomorrow we're crushed with a weight of sorrow,
And smiles are lost in tears.

A decorative border in a golden-brown color frames the page. It features stylized flowers, possibly lilies or tulips, with long, slender leaves and stems. The background within the border is a fine, dotted pattern.

ABSENT.

OFT, shrouded in the mystery
Of dreams, my lips touch thine
Again, as in the olden time,
Thy warm flesh thrills to mine.
Again I see thy love lit eyes;
Once more I hear thee speak,
I feel the touch of thy sweet breath
Fan warm against my cheek.

I feel the wooing of thine arms,
The old, sweet, fond caress.
And floating back, come words of love,
In pleading tenderness.
I wake—Oh would I might dream on!
But thou art gone,—I hark
To hear thy voice,—I seek thy lips
There in the yawning dark.

I rise in anguish and I call.
My voice dies on the air,
While every cruel, heartless wall
But mocks at my despair.
Oh love of mine, I wake at night
When all else is at rest,
And sob, that I no more may lie,
My cheek against thy breast.

I reach for thee in longing, dear,
When worlds are wrapped in sleep.
Then lay my weary head upon
My empty arms, and weep.

THE THOUGHT OF YOU.

'TIS a happy moment that comes to me,
When from care and study my mind is free,
When my heart is swept like a stormy sea,
With thoughts—sweet thoughts, of you,
And a picture shrouded in Autumn haze,
Of sweet, short, joyous, happy days,
In a beautiful dream, o'er my memory strays,
At the thought—the thought of you.

Then I see the drowsy light and shade
That the flickering shadowy firelight made,
The murmuring cadence the soft rain played,
I hear,—when I think of you,
And no word is spoken, the spell to mar,
I drink the fragrance of your cigar,
The light of which gleams like a fading star,
While dreaming, dear, of you.

And I see once more the rosy light,
As we sat in the twilight glow at night,
And scenes of a future, all glowing and bright,
I paint, when I think of you.
But a cloud sometimes shadows the brightness,
dear,
And a wailing minor of dread and fear,
Mingles in with the beautiful music I hear,
Dear heart,—when I think of you.

For thoughts, which cannot uplift me higher,
Burn into my brain with a fiendish fire,
And a wild, fierce longing and mad desire,
Whelms me o'er at the thought of you.
But still I am happy, for love, we have met,
There are memories sweet we will ne'er forget,
And there is no dark sorrow or painful regret,
To tarnish my thought of you.

GOLDEN SILENCE.

KEEP silent,—words are mighty things of
power,

Guard well thy store as though each were a gem,
For hearts by words are broken, as a flower
By some rude hand is severed from its stem.

Keep silent.

Be still,—'tis gone at once, the word you utter
And like a wing'ed thing, speeds on its way.
Lo, to some listening heart its wings may flutter
And turn a golden hour to one of gray.

Be still.

Hold peace,—if one you know has made an error,
Remember, sin exacts its meed of woe.
So if you cannot help her rise, then spare her
The comment harsh, no matter what you know.

Hold peace.

Keep quiet,—for a word is like an arrow,
Which must fall somewhere with its poisoned tip.
So, if a thought of thine is aught but fair, oh
Silence it ere it can soil thy lip.

Keep quiet.

THE AWAKENING.

WHERE have you been since the long, long
ago,
Prince Charming? Now answer me true.
What have you been doing, and did you not know
That I was here waiting for you?

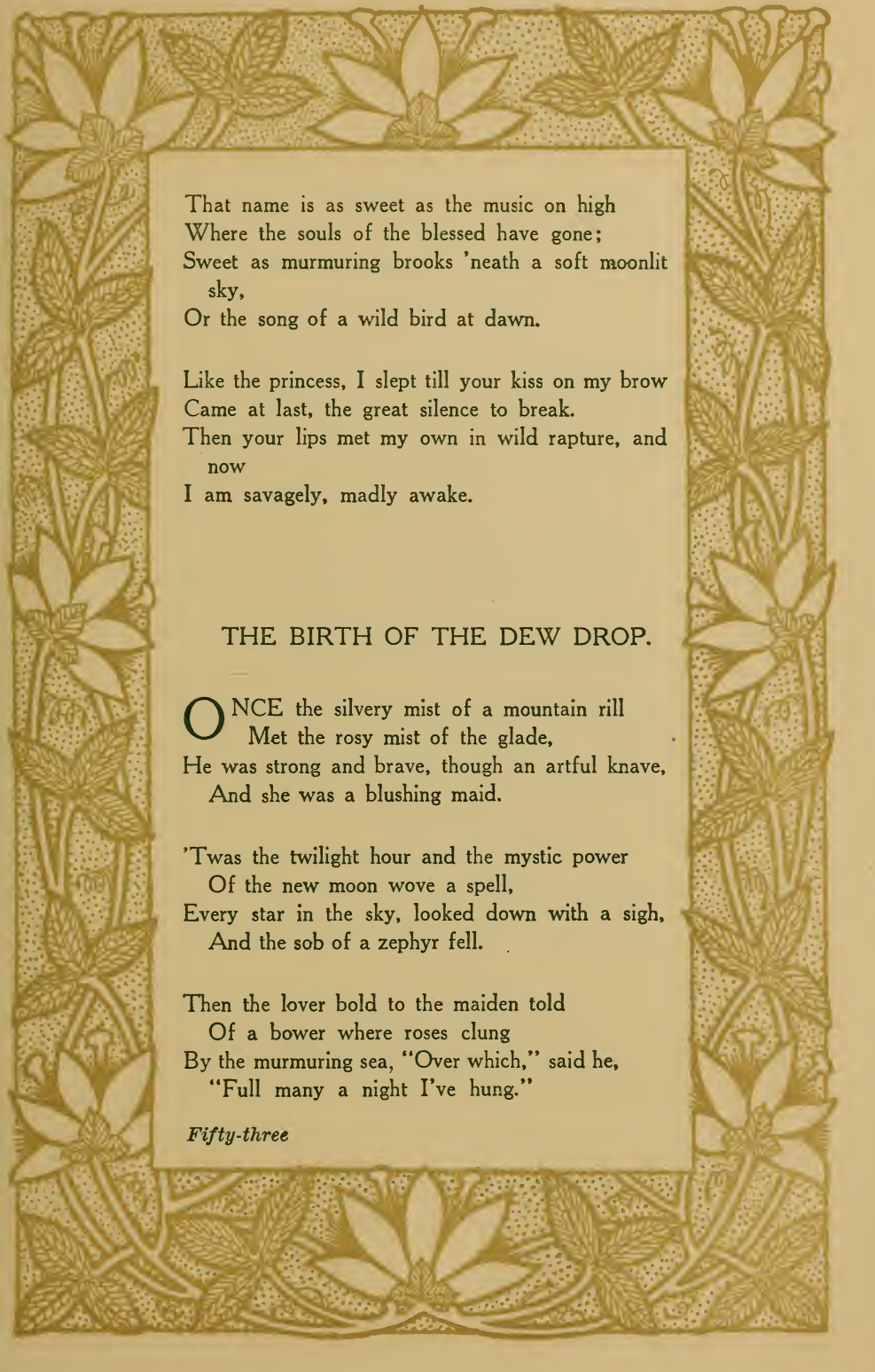
I knew you were out in the big world somewhere,
My dream king, my cherished ideal.
I find you at last, graceful, tall, debonair
And wond'rously, thrillingly real.

I've seen you oft times in my dreaming at night
When darkness the sleeping world shrouds.
And then upon rising with dawn's rosy light,
I have pictured your face in the clouds.

I've felt you were near me sometimes by the way,
Though we were, in fact, far apart,
And though our eyes never have met till today,
I've kept you enshrined in my heart.

Today when I saw you, a wild, happy thrill
Swept o'er me like volcanic flame,
And for one tense moment the whole world stood
still;
And then some one mentioned your name.

Fifty-two



That name is as sweet as the music on high
Where the souls of the blessed have gone;
Sweet as murmuring brooks 'neath a soft moonlit
sky,
Or the song of a wild bird at dawn.

Like the princess, I slept till your kiss on my brow
Came at last, the great silence to break.
Then your lips met my own in wild rapture, and
now
I am savagely, madly awake.

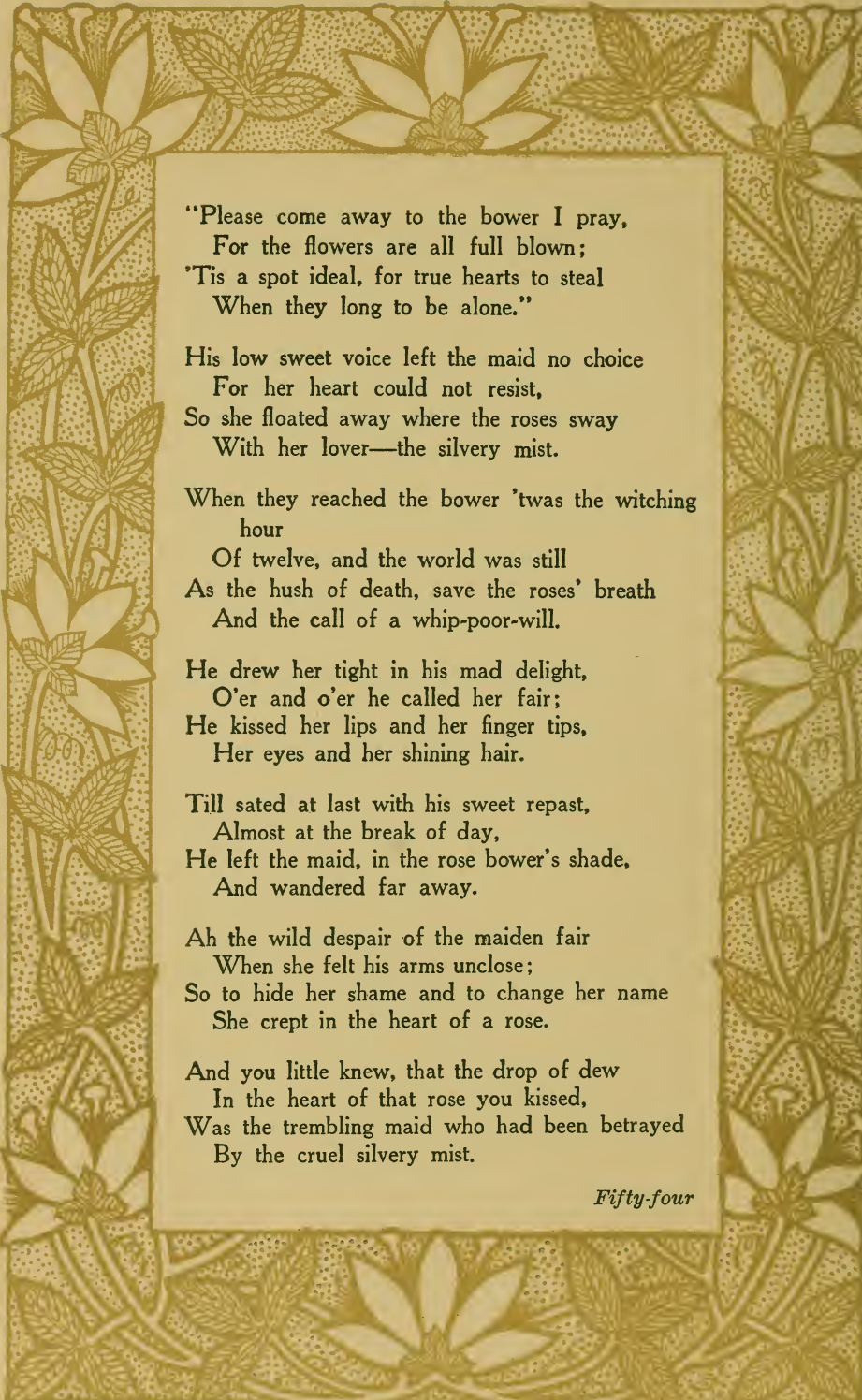
THE BIRTH OF THE DEW DROP.

ONCE the silvery mist of a mountain rill
Met the rosy mist of the glade,
He was strong and brave, though an artful knave,
And she was a blushing maid.

'Twas the twilight hour and the mystic power
Of the new moon wove a spell,
Every star in the sky, looked down with a sigh,
And the sob of a zephyr fell.

Then the lover bold to the maiden told
Of a bower where roses clung
By the murmuring sea, "Over which," said he,
"Full many a night I've hung."

Fifty-three



"Please come away to the bower I pray,
For the flowers are all full blown;
'Tis a spot ideal, for true hearts to steal
When they long to be alone."

His low sweet voice left the maid no choice
For her heart could not resist,
So she floated away where the roses sway
With her lover—the silvery mist.

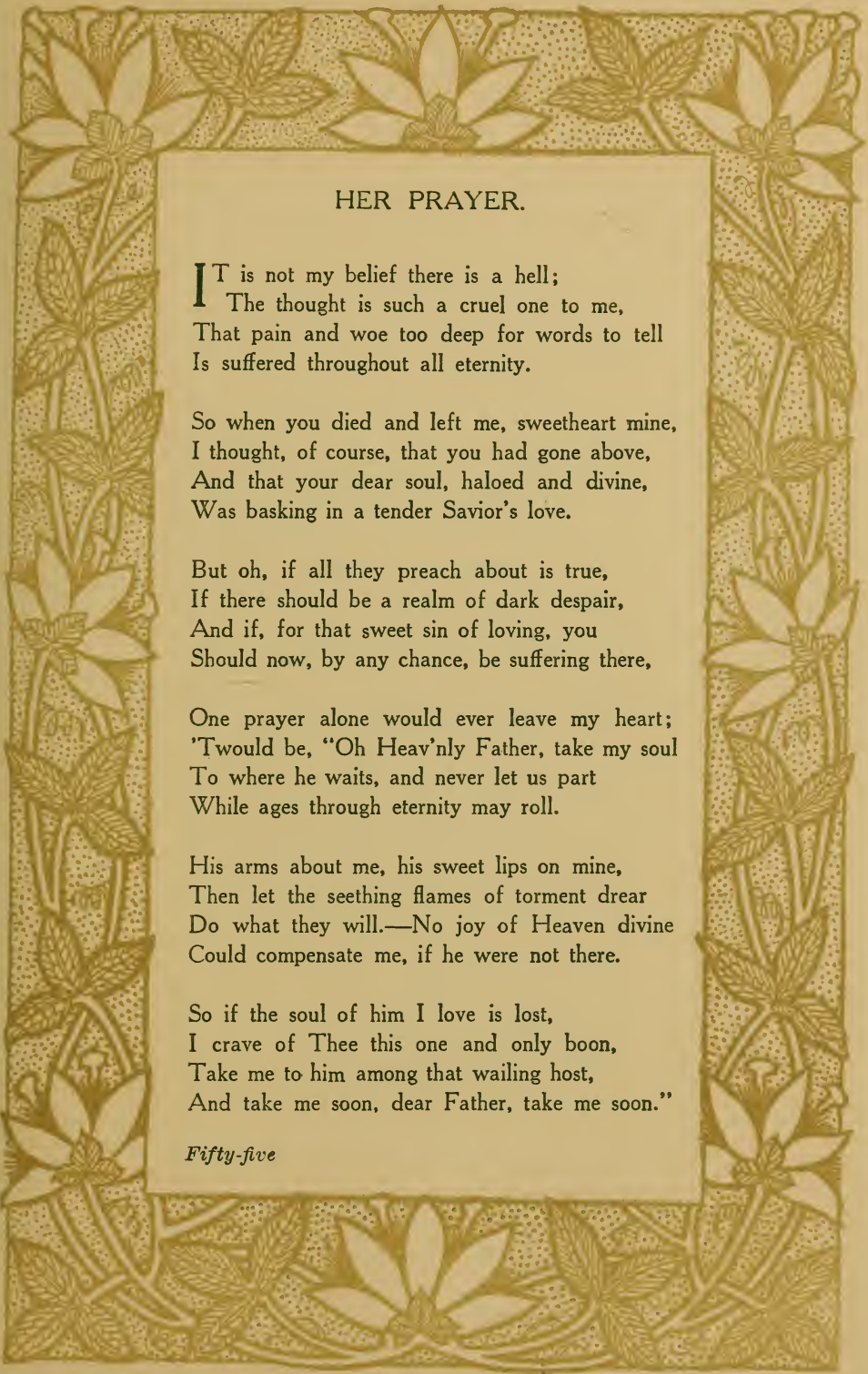
When they reached the bower 'twas the witching
hour
Of twelve, and the world was still
As the hush of death, save the roses' breath
And the call of a whip-poor-will.

He drew her tight in his mad delight,
O'er and o'er he called her fair;
He kissed her lips and her finger tips,
Her eyes and her shining hair.

Till sated at last with his sweet repast,
Almost at the break of day,
He left the maid, in the rose bower's shade,
And wandered far away.

Ah the wild despair of the maiden fair
When she felt his arms uncloze;
So to hide her shame and to change her name
She crept in the heart of a rose.

And you little knew, that the drop of dew
In the heart of that rose you kissed,
Was the trembling maid who had been betrayed
By the cruel silvery mist.

A decorative border of stylized flowers and leaves surrounds the text. The flowers are large and have many petals, with leaves interspersed between them. The entire border is rendered in a light, golden-brown color on a cream-colored background.

HER PRAYER.

IT is not my belief there is a hell;
The thought is such a cruel one to me,
That pain and woe too deep for words to tell
Is suffered throughout all eternity.

So when you died and left me, sweetheart mine,
I thought, of course, that you had gone above,
And that your dear soul, haloed and divine,
Was basking in a tender Savior's love.

But oh, if all they preach about is true,
If there should be a realm of dark despair,
And if, for that sweet sin of loving, you
Should now, by any chance, be suffering there,

One prayer alone would ever leave my heart;
'Twould be, "Oh Heav'nly Father, take my soul
To where he waits, and never let us part
While ages through eternity may roll.

His arms about me, his sweet lips on mine,
Then let the seething flames of torment dear
Do what they will.—No joy of Heaven divine
Could compensate me, if he were not there.

So if the soul of him I love is lost,
I crave of Thee this one and only boon,
Take me to him among that wailing host,
And take me soon, dear Father, take me soon."

Fifty-five

HEART THROBS.

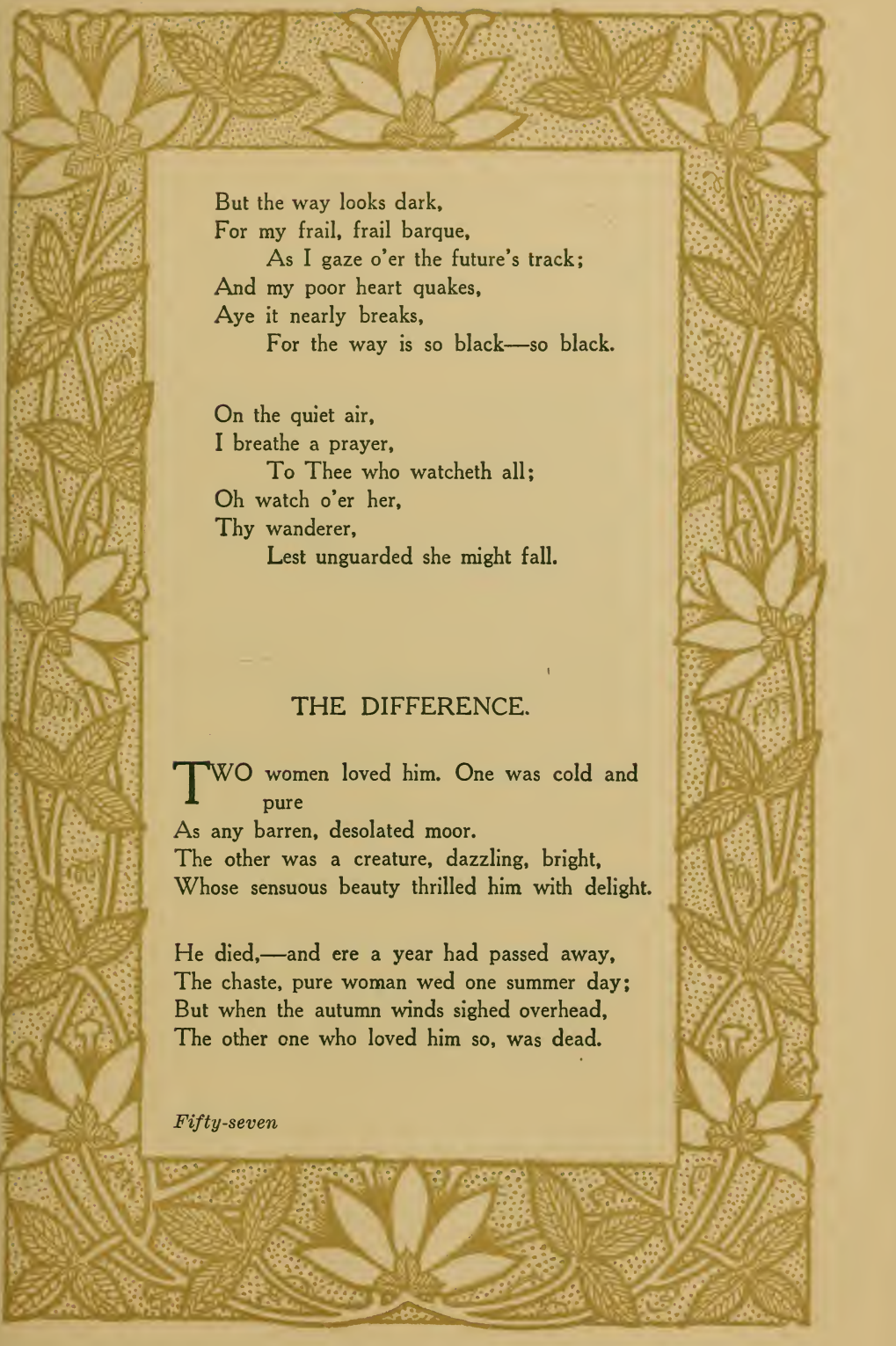
IN the twilight's gleam,
I dream a dream,
When I'm sad and all alone;
And I see afar,
Like a distant star,
The light of a place called home.

Oh my sad eyes weep,
When within I peep,
And my heart with its grief is wild
For in all her bloom,
In that cozy room,
Is a mother with her child.

Then my thoughts go back,
O'er the past's dark track,
To a time that now has flown;
When my fond lips press,
And I hold to my breast,
A babe that is all my own.

And her golden head,
In her trundle bed,
I lay with tender care;
Oh my eyes are wet,
I can hear her yet,
As she lisps her little prayer.

In the somber gloom,
Of this lonely room,
I strive to banish woe;
For even yet,
Could I but forget,
There'd be joy for me I know.

A decorative border of stylized flowers and leaves surrounds the text.

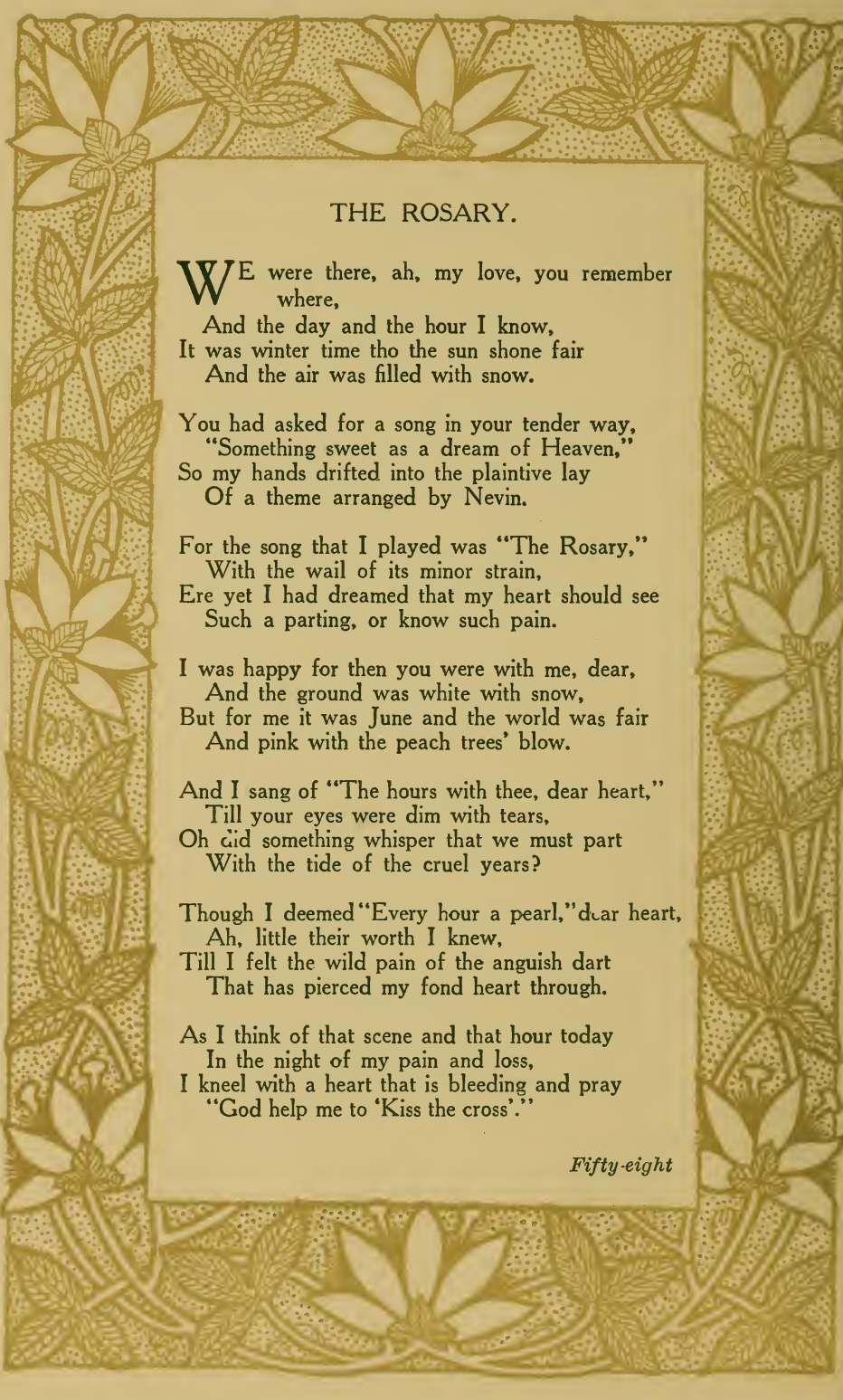
But the way looks dark,
For my frail, frail barque,
 As I gaze o'er the future's track;
And my poor heart quakes,
Aye it nearly breaks,
 For the way is so black—so black.

On the quiet air,
I breathe a prayer,
 To Thee who watcheth all;
Oh watch o'er her,
Thy wanderer,
 Lest unguarded she might fall.

THE DIFFERENCE.

TWO women loved him. One was cold and
 pure
As any barren, desolated moor.
The other was a creature, dazzling, bright,
Whose sensuous beauty thrilled him with delight.

He died,—and ere a year had passed away,
The chaste, pure woman wed one summer day;
But when the autumn winds sighed overhead,
The other one who loved him so, was dead.

A decorative border of stylized flowers and leaves surrounds the text. The flowers are large and have many petals, with leaves interspersed between them. The entire border is rendered in a light, sketchy style.

THE ROSARY.

WE were there, ah, my love, you remember
where,

And the day and the hour I know,
It was winter time tho the sun shone fair
And the air was filled with snow.

You had asked for a song in your tender way,
"Something sweet as a dream of Heaven,"
So my hands drifted into the plaintive lay
Of a theme arranged by Nevin.

For the song that I played was "The Rosary,"
With the wail of its minor strain,
Ere yet I had dreamed that my heart should see
Such a parting, or know such pain.

I was happy for then you were with me, dear,
And the ground was white with snow,
But for me it was June and the world was fair
And pink with the peach trees' blow.

And I sang of "The hours with thee, dear heart,"
Till your eyes were dim with tears,
Oh did something whisper that we must part
With the tide of the cruel years?

Though I deemed "Every hour a pearl," dear heart,
Ah, little their worth I knew,
Till I felt the wild pain of the anguish dart
That has pierced my fond heart through.

As I think of that scene and that hour today
In the night of my pain and loss,
I kneel with a heart that is bleeding and pray
"God help me to 'Kiss the cross'."

NEW YEAR POEM.

THE old year went down in Time's ocean
last night,
Was wrecked on life's breakers and lost to the sight.

But see the new craft waiting there on the strand,
'Tis the bonniest boat in the fair smiling land.

The storm has subsided, and see the bright dawn,
Shining forth like a blessing, the long night is
gone.

Let us launch the new ship, what care we for the
old,

Her sails were all tattered, her engines were cold.

Her foemen were conquered, her vict'ries were
won,

Her wand'rings were over, her voyage was done.

This new one will bear us through seas far away,
Let us man her with hope and a heart that is gay.

With a prayer that she prove just as staunch and
as brave

As the old that sank only last night to her grave.

Fifty-nine

DRIFTING.

JUST a-swinging, slowly swinging,
In a lazy little boat;
The oars a-lying idle,
And the tiny craft afloat.

Through a mesh of water lilies,
In the soft, sweet twilight breeze,
Through the shadows and reflections
Of the sombre old oak trees.

The melody and rhythm
Of a dreamy old guitar,
The tinkle of a mandolin
That stirs the echoes far.

The gentle little crooning
Of a whip-poor-will's sad song,
And a screech-owl's plaintive wailing,
As our row-boat glides along.

A sobbing of the south wind
Through the branches, moaningly,
And the moon and stars a-peeping
Through the clouds at you and me.

The lonely swish and murmur
Of the waves against the boat.
Oh living, loving, dreaming,
Moonlight, music, we, a-float.

A decorative border of stylized flowers and leaves surrounds the text. The flowers are large and multi-petaled, with long stems and pointed leaves. The background within the border is filled with a fine, repeating dot pattern.

AMOR MIO ADIOS.

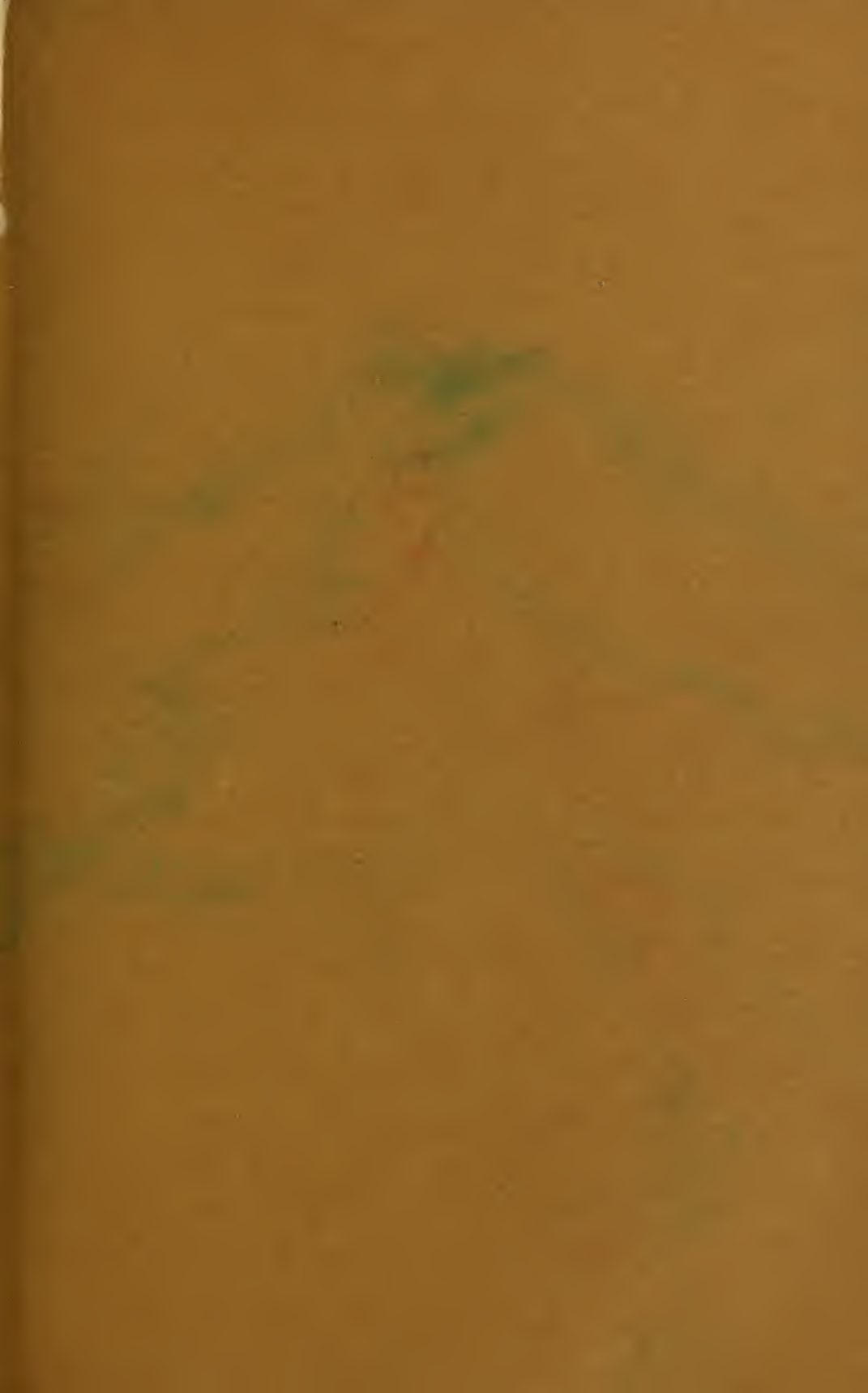
THE parting time has come at last,
Dear heart, good bye,
Too soon the hours drifted past,
Dear heart, good bye.
Our summer time came but to wane,
It's light and sunshine, clouds and rain,
And left us naught but memory's pain.
Dear heart, good bye.
Dear heart, good bye.

What has love giv'n but pain and grief?
Dear heart, good bye.
For those lost hours, sweet and brief,
Dear heart, good bye.
The joy of meeting, but to part,
The yearning arms, the tears that start,
The anguished lips, the breaking heart,
Dear heart, good bye.
Dear heart, good bye.

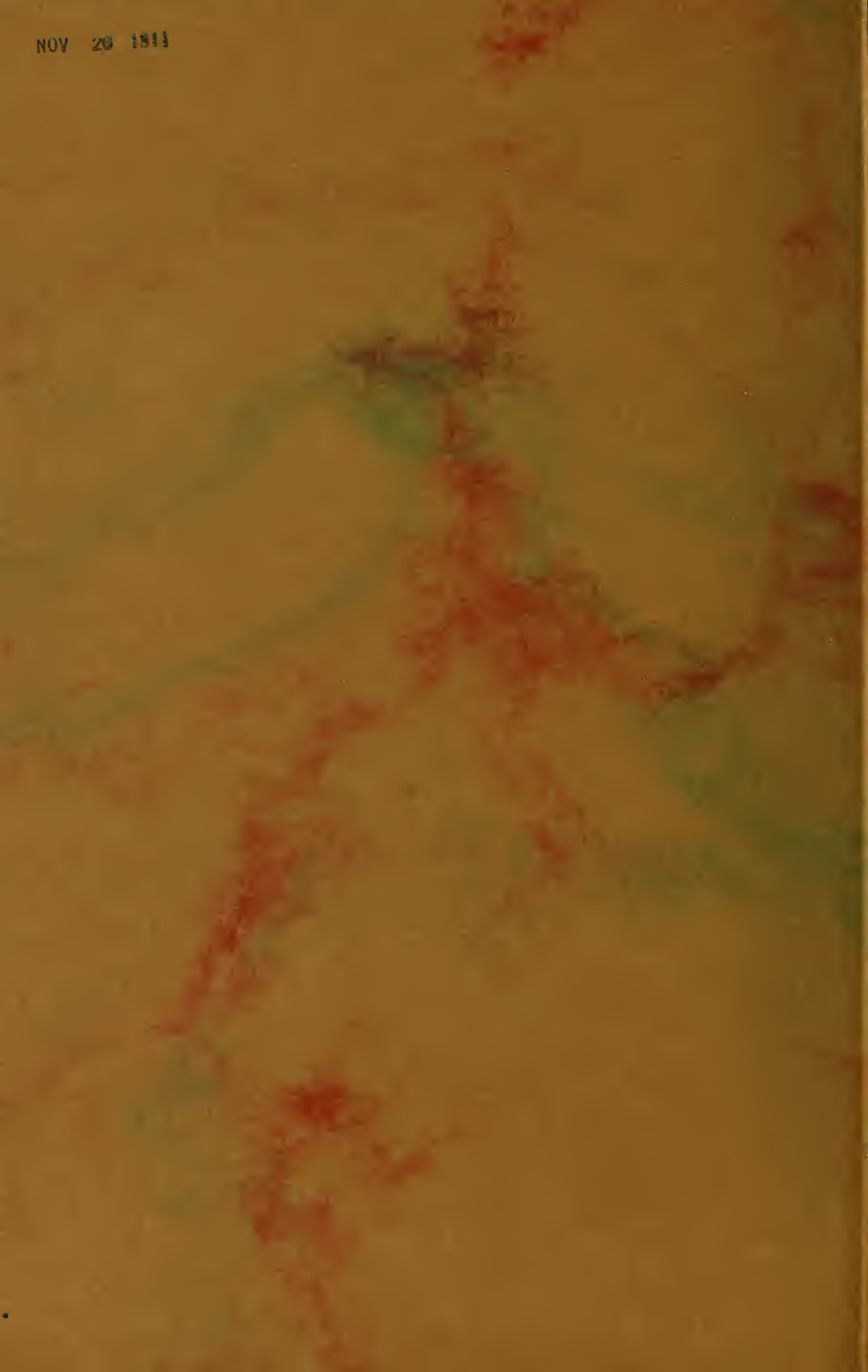








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